

the man's home companion!

Adam

VOL. 10 NO. 10

50¢
ADULT READING

ADULT READING

THE STRANGE
"BLUE DEATH" THAT
STALKS DRINKERS!

CLAUDIA
CARDINALE:
Kitten
With Claws

The New Horror
That Haunts London

plus three captivating
Hollywood
girls in the nude!



SHE'S A WINNER!

ABOUT A YEAR AGO ADAM featured a cover article on bombshell stripper Joni Carson of Chuck Landis' famous Club Largo on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. The article told how Joni (who has since replaced Miss Beverly Hills as the Largo's star attraction) got into stripping. "I had seen a story on Chuck Landis and his Largo Club in a magazine. Well, in that article Chuck said

—turn to page 83

FICTION

BIG BOB'S NIGHT OWL SHOW The seductive voice on the phone drove Big Bob mad with desire	David Madden	6
THE SECOND COMING Two swinging cots drag the final scene of oil, the Grim Reaper	Joe Gores	26
THE END OF THE TIME OF LEONARD An old-time shimmie gets a baroque passion from a town with honor	Harlan Ellison	42

ARTICLES

ANOTHER JACK THE RIPPER ON THE PHONE. A new fear of butchery sets into London's ladies-of-the-night	Franklin L. Theta	14
TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT: SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION Drinking bewpore! You may be squired for the very Blue Death!	Jeremy H. Greene	56

PERSONALITY

CLAUDIA CARDINALE: KITTEN WITH CLAWS Ron Nabor 4
Sweet Helene *radiates* warmth but has taken closer for no exclusively informative

HUMOR

THE STARS FORETELL Richard Von Ashby 62

EDITORIAL

SHE'S A WINNER! Sandra beautifully illustrates how not to be a loser	Phil Jacobson	2
BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM Delectable Oriental beauty Lynn Tie wants to be recognized	RBK	1D
THE TRUTH SEEKER Christine unbends and gets to the absolute bare truth	Ron Vogel	32

BOOK BONUS

THE SATRYICON translated by Paul J. Gillette 36
This edition printed under the aegis of the Classical Department of Cornell—1958

DEPARTMENTS

ASK ALTHEA	Althea Cutler	15
Questions about personal problems answered in a straightforward manner		
RECORDS	Dana Woodbury	24
A critical look at what's happening in the world of LP albums and fiction		
DEAR ADAM		46
Letters from some of our opinionated readers		
ADAM'S TALES		48
A few gigs to use next time you need a good joke		
THINGS TO COME		63
A tension look at the future ADAM		



This month's ADAM'S EYE is a how-to. For more of beautiful Christine Reid, see page 22.

EDWARD E. ANDRE, Sherry / JAMES BUTTER, Acme
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social education



CLAUDIA CARDINALE: KITTEN WITH



HAVING TO GREET US from the long, sleek sofa in the Beverly Hills hotel suite that was "home" while in Hollywood, Italian sex goddess Claudia Cardinale, purred like a fat, sassy kitten.

"Ah," she said in a delightful Italian accent, "the men from the magazine. In Italy we do not have such magazines! All those girls without clothing! Tsk! Tsk! We Italians are such prudes about nudity... most Latins are you know. About sex, no? Nudity, si?"

Then Claudia hopped up and instructed, in very rapid Italian, her secretary to bring coffee. "Unless the gentlemen prefer something stronger?" Again it was a purr. Then she climbed back to the sofa and sort of settled into its contours. That was when what had been so obvious all along, struck like a thunderbolt. Claudia Cardinale is a cat. A sleek, beautiful pumykat.

As a matter of fact, it was the noted Italian director Luchino Visconti who first went on record describing Claudia as a member of the feline family.

"Claudia," Visconti said, "is a cat. A splendid cat stretched out on a beautiful couch, waiting to be petted but the man who would stretch out his hand to pet must watch out. The cat will suddenly become a tigress and sooner or later, she will tear apart her would-be tumor!"

With coffee in hand, we proceeded to ask Claudia some questions — after she told us that she does not drink coffee because she doesn't like the taste it leaves in her mouth. And naturally our first question concerned American men.

"American men," she said, throwing

—turn to page 22

CLAWS

by RON NABORS

Claudia thinks American men aren't much on security — but good in several other ways



He fell in love with her voice, then fell apart when he found that he'd already had her body

BIG BOB'S NIGHT OWL SHOW

by DAVID MADDEN

THIS is WCOG, your music, news and sports station in Nashville, Tennessee, the country musical capital of the world, 1240 on your dial. You in the mood for the finest female vocalists in the nation? Then, honey, who you're in the mood for is Katy Wells, the Queen herself, and I mean this one is so shiny new, it ain't felt the needle yet. Friends and neighbors, Miss Katy Wells, singing

"The Last Laugh Made Me Cry" — on the Big Bob Towne Night Owl Show. Where else?

With a twist of his wrist, Big Bob turned down the pot. "That ought to hold you silly sons-of-bitches a while." Lifting his index finger off the edge of the record turn-table 4, he turned up pot 7, gazing at the needle needle with one eye, watching the orange flicker of the telephone signal with the other.

"WCOG, Big Bob, what for ye?" "I'd know that breathing anywhere."

"All I've got on is the —" "Fiddle. That's what she said." "Who said?" "The one on the calendar." "Me. I'm on the bed." "Look, Anna, I got to cue some

beginning?"

"Listen, do I have to play the Star-Spangled Banner to let you know I'm signing off?"

"Dev 00." Big Bob dropped the receiver onto the candlestick, like John Wayne dropping his pistol into his holster, and returned to the made-type machine. In the dial box of one of them, he saw the orange Bokser, but ignored it — turn to page 9

SPECIAL PROJECTS EDITION BY THE EDITORS OF KNIGHT

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SIG BOB, from page 7

at. The tapes set to roll, he announced Lefty Frazell with an old favorite, and jerked the phone up and slashed, "WCGC!"

"Softly, softly, softly, baby . . ."

"Who's that?"

"What difference does it make?"

"Not a speck. You all sound alike to me."

"You all who?"

"You damn telephone dolls."

"My name's Morris."

"Come to think, you don't sound like the others at all."

"There's more to me than the sound."

"Like you figure there's more to me than my voice on the radio?"

"Why else would they call you Big Bob?"

Then she had never seen him in public, emerging dances and conventions. The photographs showed the wide shoulders, and with the voice, which was the main reason for the name, he did look bigger than 57.

"If listening to me tears you up so much, how come you've never caught any of my pictures? Town's plastered with them."

"I'm from out of town."

"But not out of the state. That's Tennessee you're talking."

"Chattanooga. I'm in town to settle some of my husband's affairs."

"I stick to one at a time myself."

"No. I mean business affairs. He died recently, suddenly, and I'm penning till next month. Then I'll be rich."

"You sound rich right now."

"I feel heavy."

"Hotel room?"

"Yes."

"View of the Parthenon?"

"Yes."

"Blue lights?"

"Yes, and not a soul on the streets."

"And me and Kitty Welles and Lefty Frazell on the radio."

"With me—on the bed by the window, the lights out."

"And the bottle down—way the hell down, towards the bottom."

"Do I sound drunk?"

"You sound fine."

"I feel heavy."

"You said that."

"I'll say it again."

"I'd hate for you to."

"Well, I can sound happy."

"If you just had a good reason?"

"Yeah, a big reason."

"Uph, there goes Lefty! Hold on, sweet breath."

Slipping the phone between two buttons on his shirt, he let go tape 2, then ciled through the rack for a soft one by Goldie Hill, who sounded a little like Morris. Poking out the tape,

he turned up the main pot. "Neighbors, had a call just now from a fella who says he can't get Morris off his mind. She won't answer the phone, and he knows she's home, so he wants to reach her through Goldie Hill with 'Blue Midnight' Goldie, honey, he's that poor boy out, will you?"

Pulling the phone from under his shirt, he heard the dull throb of a line on which the other party had hung up.

The clock in Studio C said eleven forty-five. An hour and fifteen minutes until sign-off. She would call back. Some of them played that game.

But after he had spun four, all with tales that spoke to her, he decided that she was a one-shot girl. Impulsive. A strange town, a lonely hotel room, a reckless, harmless moment, and that type ended it there. But girls like that stayed with him more hauntingly than the one who called every night.

when he was 16, he had never gotten used to the sense of complete deadness that set in progressively as he shut off the control board, the tape machine, the teletype, the coffee pot, then the studio lights last. The nikes stood silent in the studio or sprawled on the tables. In that moment before he touched the knob, the stone-dead darkness seemed to rise up like a woolly blanket and hover at his back. Closing the door behind him was always a relief. But at the click of the automatic lock that December night, he realized that for the first time in ten years one other woman had failed to call. His wife.

PARKED SILENT AGAINST a concrete wall under a viaduct, the motor running, the windows open a crack, Big Bob made love to Boots. But his mind was on Morris—her voice. "Softly, softly, softly, baby." And as Boots let

Adam



"It's from Dad, he wants to know what your intentions are."

The orange light pulsed.
"Big Bob, what can I do for ye, neighbour?"

"Hm?"

"Hi, Boots."

"See you at one?"

"You better believe it."

"Be parked in front of the bank."

"See you, Boots."

He hung up and hoped Morris would call. She was different. The same suggestive talk, but a distant, mousy voice, full of genuine longing. "Softly, softly, softly, baby . . . That got him. He kept hearing it, just the way it sounded over the phone.

A few more calls before sign-off, Judy, Carla, and Loretta. But not Morris. He put away "The Star-Spangled Banner" and went around the station tuning out all the machines and the lights. In twenty years of broadcasting, since he got his first show back in the great days of radio

out the clutch and the car sped toward the parking lot where his Jaguar, a single block, sleek form was parked in an empty lot, he felt once again the absence of his wife's voice. "Bob, will you be coming straight home or are you going to stop at the Back Door for a drink?"

He almost never stopped at the Back Door. He went with Boots instead. Just before getting out of her red Mercury, he would swing from her flank, blurring the taste of her lipstick with the deep kiss of Heaven Hill to make his story stick. The line he had handed Morris was true. Only one after at a time. Hundreds called in a year, but only 12 were chosen, each lasting about a month. One at a time. He feared complications. So far, none of them had called him home. He kept them reasonably content from seven to one, on the radio and on the

—turn to page 47

BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM

The best reason yet for recognition of China . . .



"THERE COMES a time in every girl's life," quips lovely Lyn-Tie, Hong Kong born Chinese singer and actress, "when she realizes that she either has to get with it or lose—I got with it. Which is kind of a sneaky way of saying that I'm a swinger—pure and simple."

Despite Lyn-Tie's "sneaky" method of statement, what she says is true. As a matter fact, she's probably the "swingingest" thing to come out of China since the invention of gunpowder. Barely twenty-three, sweet Lyn-Tie has already accomplished such feats as feature-dancer at the Moulin Rouge, singer at the Pink Pussycat in Hollywood, and star of a stage rendition of "The Flower Drum Song" at the Melodyland theatre of Anaheim, California.





Aside from being successful in her career, Lyn-Tie has some pretty definite opinions regarding life (the way it should be lived), and men (why it should be lived).

"It all boils down to one word," she says, "love. I love life — and to me, 'life' centers around men. I guess it's my oriental upbringing that causes it, but if I'm with a man, or in the company of men, I'm always happy and feel like singing. When there are no men around — I feel sort of lost, aimless."

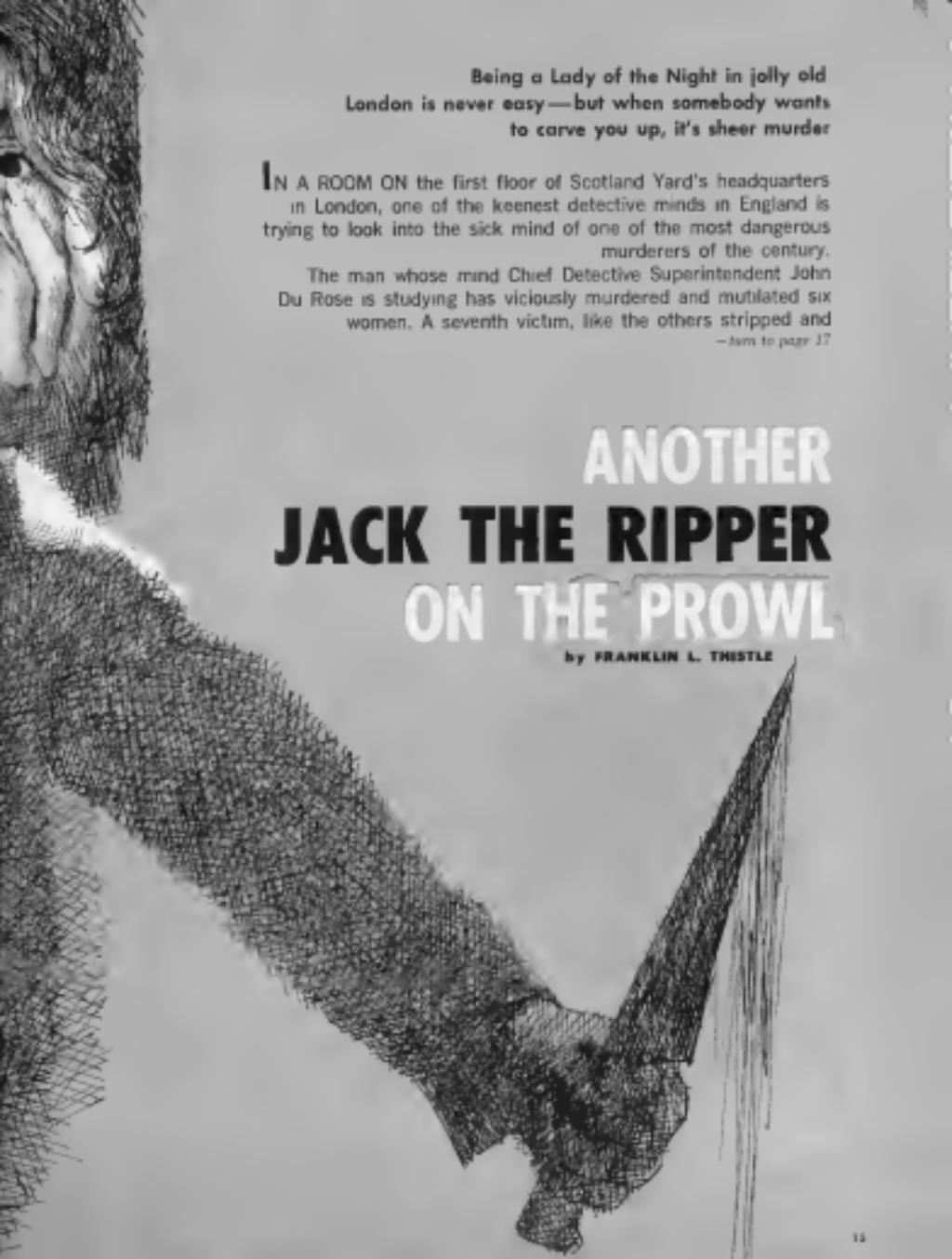
This philosophy is reflected in her choice of ultimate life-goal. "Some-day," she says, smiling, "I will have a man of my very own — a man who loves life and me, in that order." ☐

From Hong Kong, center of oriental beauty the world over,



comes the most beautiful (36-24-35) flower of all . . .





Being a Lady of the Night in jolly old London is never easy—but when somebody wants to carve you up, it's sheer murder

IN A ROOM ON the first floor of Scotland Yard's headquarters in London, one of the keenest detective minds in England is trying to look into the sick mind of one of the most dangerous murderers of the century.

The man whose mind Chief Detective Superintendent John Du Rose is studying has viciously murdered and mutilated six women. A seventh victim, like the others stripped and

—turn to page 17

ANOTHER JACK THE RIPPER ON THE PROWL

by FRANKLIN L. THISTLE



COME AND GET IT!

the Adam Calendar for 1967

Brand new edition of the world-famous Adam Calendar now ready,
still only 50c (at your dealer)—breathtaking color, spectacular nudes!

strangled, may now be lying somewhere in West London. And if he is not caught, there may be an eighth murderer and a ninth... and more.

Apparently, the killer cannot stop his slaying spree. He appears to be obsessed with a sadistic sexual compulsion so strong it can only be satisfied with the death of its object.

Scotland Yard is well acquainted with this type of criminal. A dozen years ago it sent to the gallows John Christie. Considered by his neighbors to be a weak little man, Christie killed and buried at least six women and hid their bodies in the walls of his house.

Then, of course, there was the notorious Jack the Ripper. During his reign of terror that lasted 70 days in 1888, the bloody butcher sadistically slaughtered more than a dozen prostitutes with a maxi-sharp knife. His carnival of carnage was carried out with such boldness and damnable imagination that he became a symbol for all the terror that prowls city streets.

Jack the Ripper earned his name by always leaving his revolting unshakable trademark—breasts, ears and nose sliced off, throat slit to the spinal column, and internal organs neatly removed. The Ripper quite likely killed as many as 20 prostitutes, as he boasted he would in letters written in blood to the police. No one knows, for he was never caught.

Jack's first victim was Polly Nichols, a prostitute down on her luck. When police lifted her dooms, they found that she had been eviscerated. Eight days later, Jack dismembered "Dark Annie" Chapman, another whore.

In a characteristically dramatic gesture, he snuffed her kidney to Mr. George Lusk, chairman of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, along with a personal message: "From hell, Mr. Lusk, sir, I send you half the kidney I took from one woman, preserved for you, the other piece I fried and ate, it was very nice."

In every case, Jack the Ripper slit the throats of his hapless victim so swiftly that no one ever heard a sound. Although the mutilations were undoubtedly the work of a madman, they were performed with such surgical skill that Scotland Yard officials thought he must have been a former medical student.

Today, 78 years after the Ripper's revolting rampage, London is again gripped with fear as another sex-crazed sadist stalks the streets in search of defenseless women.

The present murderer is known as "Jack the Stripper" because, like Jack the Ripper, he preys on prostitutes in

the dark streets of Soho and Notting Hill, drags them into alleys, strangles them with his bare hands, then butchers their bodies. But unlike the Ripper, he takes away all their clothing and even their cheap jewelry.

There is also another difference between them. Jack the Ripper had a grudge against prostitutes, whereas Jack the Stripper does not abhor them. In fact, he patronizes them.

Scotland Yard detectives believe the wave of weird killings attributed to Jack the Stripper began in June, 1963, when the male body of a shapeless young 21-year-old girl named Elisabeth Fagg was found lying under a tree on the bank of the Thames near Chiswick Bridge. Her dress, ripped to shreds, lay beside her mangled body, but her underwear, shoes and stockings were missing. Marks on her throat indicated she had been strangled. Her body was covered with knife slashes.

Miss Fagg, a small, slight bruisette, was known to have made a very comfortable living at her trade as a "caterer," a slang term British police use for prostitutes who ply their trade in their clients' cars. She was last seen alive by one of her clients shortly after midnight. She made a date to see him again at 3:30 a.m., but didn't keep it. Her body was found by police at 5 a.m. They believe that she was stripped and strangled in a car and that her slayer then dragged her body

to the riverside.

Five years passed without a similar slaying. Then, on November 8, 1968, the body of Gwyneth Rees, 22, was discovered in a trash dump along the Thames near Kew Bridge. Her body was naked and mutilated. Investigation revealed that she had worked as a prostitute for several years and had been seen in ostentatious with a number of men all over London. Her former clients were questioned by police without success.

On February 1, 1964, Jack the Stripper claimed his third victim. The corpse of Hannah Talford, a scrawny, red-haired, 30-year-old whore, was fished out of the Thames. Like the other strangled prostitutes, her body was nude and badly cut up. Nylon panties had been snuffed in her mouth. Police theorized that the Stripper had first choked and gagged her, then dragged her to the river and held her under water until she drowned.

Now Talford was a known drug addict and often attended parties where sex orgies took place. She had been convicted three times for unlawful soliciting. Police questioned more than 700 persons about her death, to no avail.

Ten weeks later, the body of Irene Lockwood, a blonde, 26-year-old prostitute, washed up on the banks of the Thames a mile from where Hannah

—turn to page 18



"Oh, I beg your pardon... I didn't see your uniform in this poor light."

RIPPER, from page 17

Talford's body was found. Frightened and nude, she was identified by a tattoo of a gravestone on her right arm. Like Hannah Talford, Irene Lockwood had been choked, brutally mutilated and drowned.

By this time, Scotland Yard was convinced another Jack the Ripper was loose in London. In an effort to get a lead, police went to the Notting Hill apartment in which Irene Lockwood had lived. The landlady had nothing but the best to say of her and she always paid her rent on time.

"She liked to give parties," the landlady told police. "But her guests were always quiet and her private life was no concern of mine as long as she didn't disturb the other tenants."

In searching her apartment, detectives found evidence of her popularity. In a closet were boxes of pornographic pictures showing Miss Lockwood in all sorts of sexual embraces with a variety of men. Cans of Lewd Movie film were also found as was an address book with the names of her clients.

Police checked out as many of her clients as they could. The inquiry dragged on several weeks without making any headway. Then, on April 24, a fifth party girl was found murdered near the Thames.

The body of the latest victim, completely naked, was lying face down on a rubbish heap. She was slender and very pretty. She had a tattoo on her left forearm. Her body had been savagely mutilated and there was no trace of any clothing.

A fingerprint check revealed her identity as that of Helen Bartholemew, 22, a prostitute who had been sentenced to four years to jail in 1962 for being a man to her apartment where he was beaten and robbed by scorpions. However, her conviction had been reversed upon appeal.

By now, a grim pattern was becoming apparent to Scotland Yard. All of the murdered women had been short and slim, all had been strangled, and the killer had committed the same sexual perversion on each of them before dumping their bodies. And the crimes had been committed at the same area.

Helen Bartholemew's murder proved as baffling as the rest. London newspapers headlined the case and within days the mysterious stranger became the No. 1 topic throughout London. Reporters painted a frightening picture of a sex sadist who drove his car around frisky London streets late at night luring prostitutes into his car to satisfy his bizarre lust for sex and bloodshed.

The newspapers reported that many

prostitutes, terrified at the thought that they might be the stranger's next victim, were leaving the city. Other reports claimed the remaining harlots had stopped selling their wares in their clients' cars and would work only in their apartments.

Scotland Yard remained clueless and warned that the killer might strike again.

He did. On July 15, the nude, strangled body of petite Mary Fleming, a 30-year-old prostitute and mother of two children, was found in a sitting position three miles from the site of the first murder. Another thread in the pattern was now clear. Except in the case of Helen Bartholemey, the Strangler had murdered at approximately 10-week intervals.

The next time, however, he waited a little longer. Shortly before midnight on October 23, Margaret McGowan, 21, a slim siren, left the Warwick Castle pub near Hyde Park with a gall friend named Beryl. Almost immediately, they were picked up by two men in separate cars.

The foresters managed to stay together, Beryl told police later. But the car with Margaret McGowan in it disappeared into the traffic. Her naked body was found four weeks later, buried under rubble in a parking lot.

But at last Scotland Yard detectives had a lead. Beryl had caught a glimpse of the murderer and his car—an old Ford. Police immediately released an artist's sketch of the head of a man aged 30 to 35, about five-feet eight-inches tall, with a full face and brown hair.

Beryl, a buxom blonde who has been too frightened to allow her name to be published, said Miss McGowan's car never arrived at the meeting place, nor did she appear later at the rendezvous they always kept after "working" hours. So the chances are that the driver that night was Jack the Strangler.

Other prostitutes started cooperating with police after Scotland Yard raised an appeal to "any prostitute who has been made to strip and has been assaulted" to call Scotland Yard headquarters where, they were promised, specially picked officers would arrange to meet any informant "when and where she wishes" without fear of arrest.

The impact of the appeal was staggering. Women who would never have dreamed of talking to a policeman responded.

In the first 24 hours alone, more than 120 women volunteered information about the murder victims or about male customers of their acquaintance who seemed, in Scotland

—turn to page 20

Select over 300 fantastic photo graphs and illustrations from the most remarkable ever produced. Add to this over 200,000 words of amazing beat-violent, gung-ho, powerful stories selected from a rare collection especially to please you. Carefully arranged them in magnificent looks with breathtaking color and sharp, crisp detail. Bind them into a huge 520 page library volume for collectors. The result is Knight Harvest, a rare, scarce private edition, the best of Knight, so exciting it defies description. This volume must be seen to be appreciated. That's why we offer it to you now—a tree, no risk, no obligation 10 day inspection. Send only \$5.00 (the full price of this remarkable volume) with your name and address and ask for Knight Harvest on a 10 day free inspection. After you receive it and have an opportunity to inspect each page, why then do you have to decide if you want to keep it? If not, just return it for a full and immediate refund—no questions asked. It's that easy—a wonderful way to inspect this valuable collection at absolutely no risk. However, the supply is limited so rush your \$5.00 with order to KNIGHT HARVEST, Box 59804, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.



ALTHEA CURRIES is single, 24 years old and hails from Maine. A burlesque star and actress, Althea checks out at \$1,24.33 in the total column. She invites you to write to her about your problems. Althea will answer the type of questions readers of *Adam* might ask, no matter how intimate. Or if you're just curious about something and think the night has the answer, write and address your letters to:

**"ASK ALTHEA," KNIGHT PUBLISHING CORP., P.O. BOX 69622
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90068**

Dear Althea:

Yes I am a sex nut, but a sincere one. My problem is this:

I love to discuss sex and sex methods, on an educational plane with a well-versed woman.

With present company excluded, since I'm sure you are busy, can you give me an address?

I am 35—lost my wife, after 13 years of wonderful life, 19 months ago—since then have had sexual failure constantly. I need help. Thank you

John Lewis
Sherman, Texas

Dear John:

Can't give you any addresses. But if you're really a sex nut like you say, you might be interested in placing an advertisement in one of those wacky tabloids that get people together. You'll find any one of those kinds of papers at most newsstands—you can spot them by the screaming headlines about some of the more unfortunate sexual exploits of criminals and weirdos. If you're lucky, you might hit on a pen pal who shares your proclivities.

* * *

Dear Althea:

I feel that I have been cheated. Let me explain: I dated this gal three times, and on the third time, when I started to make love with her, she said that she would only allow it if we first had "oral intercourse." The problem is that after that, she backed down and wouldn't make love with me in a normal manner. What I want to know is whether or not there is any way for a man to tell this sort of thing in advance—before he commits himself.

Fred Peters
Lake Charles, La.

Dear Fred:

Short of giving ink-blot tests, I think you're fighting a lost cause. The only suggestion I could make is for you to keep trying until you find a gal that's compatible to your methods.

* * *

Dear Althea:

Why is it that American Women don't know enough about sex? All women in America want to do is compete with men—even in bed—they never want to be just women, like they do in most European countries. Here, they have to compete—get better jobs, more pay, equal rights, seats in the government. Hell, in Europe the man is a king—he here in the States, he's lucky to get to talk

Harold Abelson
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Harold:

First: How much knowledge about sex is "enough"? I think you've probably just been seeing the wrong movies. Concerning women competing—well, they've been doing that since the Suffrage Movement in the 1890's and nobody has been able to stop them. As for comparing them with European women, I think it's about time that somebody pointed out that the mythical, submissive, non-masculine "foreign woman" is almost a thing of the past. Even in Japan—where women were once on a level with cattle—they're starting to talk back to men... and get away with it. It just took the foreign girls a little longer to get on the bandwagon, that's all.

* * *

Dear Althea:

We have a difficult problem which we think only you can answer for us. Three of us had intercourse with a girl on the same night, and now we find that she's three-months pregnant. We all feel responsible for her pregnancy, but we don't know where to place the blame. Should we draw straws, donate money for a doctor, or just try to lie our way out of it?

The Waiting Ones
Arden, N.C.

Dear Waiters:

There seems to be a mix-up on your type of problem—the mixing of babies. As I read in the last letter, see a lawyer. Better yet, has anyone thought to ask the girl? She may have something to say in the matter.



**Modern-minded lovely
offers Adam readers
advice on their
most intimate problems**

**"ASK
ALTHEA"**

numbers and check out the owners the next day. They found they were talking to wealthy businessmen in luxury apartments, stock-brokers, artists and writers.

There is fear among the girls in "The Jungle" these days, especially the small, slender ones, all of the victims have fitted this description. The girls now work in pairs. When one enters an automobile, the other takes the license number.

The girls circulate among themselves, in the gaudy pose in which they make obscene descriptions of cars and men whose actions have given them cause for alarm. There is said to be a list of banned customers.

Few prostitutes live in one place very long, which is one reason the rats in their population went unnoticed until the present inquiry. They move whenever their third police have identified them and might arrest them under the Street Offenses Act.

The Street Offenses Act made it a crime to solicit in public. It went into effect in August, 1959. When Big Ben chimed that midnight, some 10,000 male Cinderellas reluctantly returned to their own houses. They did not vanish from the streets at the wave of a fairy godmother's wand, however. They were reacting to a far more powerful command — the threat of going to jail.

Police and Parliament congratulated themselves, prematurely as it turned out, on solving a problem which had plagued London for centuries. Despite its squeaky-clean reputation as a quiet, old city, London had been infested with prostitutes since before the days of the first Queen Elizabeth more than 400 years ago. Thousands of their descendants still mass on the pavements of the West End every night, to the amazement of tourists.

The Street Offenses Act was designed to clean the streets — and it did for a while. But it did not solve the problem. For the surprising fact emerged, as a byproduct of the police inquiry into the strangulation murders of six prostitutes, that there are now more prostitutes in London than there were before the法令ly transposed law that was to frightened them elsewhere.

The great mass of herbs work in the valleymen world of Notting Hill, Soho, Paddington and the skinnier edges of Kensington. At night, the area blazes with pike bars, music and the prostitutes' pool for patrons in bars or cars or sit in expensive rooms awaiting answers to ads tacked up in alway store windows. "Dancer looking for part-time work." "Photographer's model — available anytime, and singly." "Anne welcomes old friends and new ones," followed by a

phone number.

It is a crummy, transvest world where people come and go and change their names frequently. A world of dope addicts, petty crime, sudden violence and a moral code that would make an alley cat look like an angel. A girl vanishes and no one thinks it unusual if, indeed, anyone notices at all.

The fact that the whores are constantly shifting around makes Du Rose's job more difficult. Twice recently he has sent out alarms for prostitutes not seen in their usual haunts on the possibility they might have been slain. Both were found after nationwide broadcast appeals.

Du Rose has amassed much new information about the twilight world in which vice and crime now operate in the metropolis, but he has yet to put the finger on the elusive psychopath called Jack the Stripper.

From the evidence he has gathered, Du Rose believes the killer either lives alone or in a female-dominated environment. His theory places the Stripper in a London suburb as a business or professional type with a facade of outward respectability.

His perversion — a mishmash of distorted sexuality and hatred of women — is so compelling that periodically he is overwhelmed by it and only another sadistic sex slaying can

temporarily appease his uncontrollable craving. The result has been a new chapter in the long, grisly British history of mutilation murders.

Du Rose knows that every murderer, no matter how cunning, sooner or later makes a fatal error. The chances of finding the man with the round face multiply with every additional killing. It may come when, and if, a seventh body is found.

Although he has been on the Jack the Stripper case for about a year with no concrete results, Scotland Yard's top detective is just as confident as the day he stated that London's present-day Jack the Ripper will be brought to justice. His associates have not lost confidence in him yet. But they don't call him "Four-Day John" any more.

In any event, the police investigation has given the public a glimpse of the murky depths under the tourists' London of jolly beefeaters, prancing horse guards and cozy Old English Tea Shoppes — a glimpse they haven't had since the Christine Keeler sex scandal rocked the British government.

Meanwhile, the prostitutes of London are trembling more than usual in their beds — wondering if they will be the next victims of Jack the Stripper, one of the most savage sex mutants the world has ever known. 



up her hands. "How many more times will I hear an American male ask me what I think of him?" Always, it is the same question by the male reporter: what do you think of American men and always my answer is different and I get into trouble. OK—Rock Hudson taught me that, to say OK—you ask and I will tell you but next time I may say something different. By asking me the question and by being an American man yourself, you are answering the question. Do you understand me?"

We didn't.

"Well if you were secure would you ask such a question? One great fault with American men is that they are always wanting to know what a woman thinks of them. Who cares? Why is it important for me to say what I think of Americans? What I think, does that make them any more or any less men? But they really are wonderful, these silly American men. Like grown little boys. Charming, you say it in English. I have another word for them in Italian. I have it doesn't mean quite the same thing. It means like a big lovable doll. But I think there is one thing they do I don't like."

And what is that?

"They ask too many questions and I also think they pay too many compliments. But they are good to these women. I like them. Does that answer your question?"

It did but we just had to pursue it a bit further, being American men. "Would Claudia Cardinale consider marrying an American?"

"Why not? But I doubt it. I don't consider marrying at all so I don't consider marrying an American. One thing I don't understand about Americans and that is their dating habits. They call up, ask you out and then where do they take you? To a crowded place to eat and dance. It is fun but not so good for romance. When a man romances a woman he should take her to a quiet place so he can be alone with her. A nice romantic place with violin music and fine food and wines. And soft lights. It is in such a place that I describe that romance blooms, not in a crowded nightclub where the music booms, booms in your ear and smoke gets into your eyes and there is so much confusion that you can never hear what is said."

"But that is romance and you asked about marriage. Marriage I just don't think about."

Now coming from a seemingly healthy twenty-five-year-old beauty with a fantastic figure, that seemed like a rather strange statement. So we asked Miss Cardinale to expand

upon it.

"I just don't believe in marriage. Love yes. Marriage, no. At least that is how I feel about it now," she added with a tone of her bewhiskered brows having. "Tomorrow I may think different but I don't think so."

"But," we protested, "isn't marriage the ultimate destination of a love affair?"

"For you maybe. For me, no. When I love and I am with a man it is because I want to be. Not because there is a silly piece of paper. A marriage contract. And if the love affair is a mistake, then I am free to leave. That is all. In Italy it is very easy to get married but very hard to be divorced. Sophia Loren is, as the eyes of our country, a bigamist, she and Carlo, because he is divorced. That is bad. Bad for them because of the laws."

We asked Claudia if she has ever been in love.

"Often," she answered. "But I didn't marry. Why should I marry each time I fall in love?"

And to that question, we really couldn't think of an answer.

While Claudia is considered something of a sexpot in America and in England, she, with an expression of amusement on her face, informed us that in Italy she is considered the "girl next door" type. "Sort of a Debbie Reynolds." Is her Best Film, *I Soliti Ignoranti* which was made in 1958 and starred Vittorio Gassman, the because something of a sensation. Since that time she has made twenty-six films, the latest being *Blowfield* with Rock Hudson.

"I didn't want to become a movie actress," she said. "Almost, they had to drag me to the studio to make that first film. I was going to be a teacher. But I got through it and all of a sudden I find that men recognize me in the streets and they say, 'Look, there is C-C.' In Italy I am known as C-C most of the time. But it wasn't until my first played America that people called me sexy and I still don't understand that. I am not very like Loren or Jayne Mansfield. For one thing I am too small."

Does Claudia mind being considered a sex symbol?

"Of course not. In France men chase me in the streets. A woman who says she does not enjoy that is crazy."

Does one ever catch her?

"Only if I want him too. Now that is a thing I do not understand about American women. If a man stages at her in a cafe or on the street she is ready to call the police. In Italy we take it as a compliment. Women should understand that men are basically very romantic."

More so than women?" we asked.

"Most women aren't really romantic at all. Men—all men, regardless of the nationality—are romantic. When a man sees a girl and he admires her, I think he thinks about romance. But American women think he thinks about sex. Women think of sex more than men do."

"Why?" we asked.

"Why not? You should know what goes on in a woman's mind. Sometimes when she sees an attractive man when the chemistry is right. Chemistry is very important to a love affair. That is what comes first."

"And what?" we asked. "Happens if she meets an attractive man and the chemistry isn't there?"

"Nothing. Maybe they become friends. I could not have an affair with a friend. There has to be chemistry. I am attracted to two types of men. Far friends I like men who are fun, who are very much extroverted and are leaders because I am exactly the opposite. But for a lover I prefer someone like myself. That type of man, one who does not talk much, I understand. I feel close to a man like that. I fall in love with quiet studious men."

"And then?" we asked.

"Then it is then. Maybe I could live with him if I love him deeply. Maybe I could live with him forever. I might even marry him but not right away. Not for a long, long time."

"And why not?"

"Because, like all women, I am fickle. Maybe I would see someone I liked better or meet a man with whom the chemistry is stronger and I would fall in love with him. Then the love affair would end because I cannot accept cheating. Flirting and even dating another man for fun is one thing but I cannot cheat on a lover myself and I cannot accept it when others do it. I take a love affair very seriously. As seriously as marriage is supposed to be taken and when I do decide to get married, I will take that even more seriously but that will not be soon."

"But you do plan to marry?"

"Plat? No. But it will happen. Maybe I will live with a man for many years and then we will be married. Maybe I will meet a man tomorrow and we will marry next week. The contract of marriage is not important and you give more of yourself when it does not exist but I know I will marry someday. Because I am a woman and eventually the need will come."

And in the meantime?

"And in the meantime, I am alive, darling. I am a woman, what else is there to be?"

What else, indeed? 



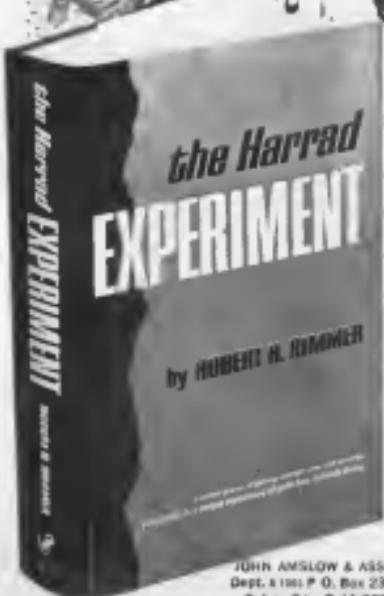
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The sexaphonic sound of WAY-OUT (Mae) WEST...

THIS MONTH we have a couple of releases from Liberty which seem to be taking a few steps beyond conventional folk-rock to give us something experimental in that same field.

The Sonny Side of Cher on Liberty's subsidiary label, Impulse, is not so "Sonny" for two reasons, neither one of them reflective on the quality of the LP per se. Sonny Bono, Cher's long time partner and nearly look-alike, has decided not to record this time, but to produce instead, and so his voice is absent from the LP. Secondly, the selections that Cher has chosen to sing are for the most part peculiarly un-Sonny, much of their vocal content dealing paradoxically with the darker aspect of the day. "Bang Bang" (My Baby Shot Me Down) is about as self-explanatory as you can get. "A Young Girl" comments on unrequited love, and I can only assume that she reaches final self-destruction "lying there by the road" as the lyrics state. "Where Do You Go" and "Elusive Butterfly" are both searching songs, the former for a purpose and the latter for a special kind of love. All in all, this is a surprisingly fine album, and I like the way Cher uses her husky, honest voice through the intricacies of the often mazur melodies, two of which were composed by a talented fellow named Bob Liss. There are only two critical points I wish to make by posing the following questions. Who decided upon the rather implausible selection of "Old Man River" for Cher to record? And why do Liberty's engineers invariably place the artist in front of

it quite an interesting record and most certainly a highly entertaining one?

Robert Goulet is the only male singer I know of that can sing through his nose and smile at the same time (with the possible exception of Vaughn Monroe), and believe me it's not as easy as it sounds. Just try it only one of the successions used to record, causing the voice to be banished through only one speaker of the sound system, instead of both. It's not only irritating, but also very un-stereo.

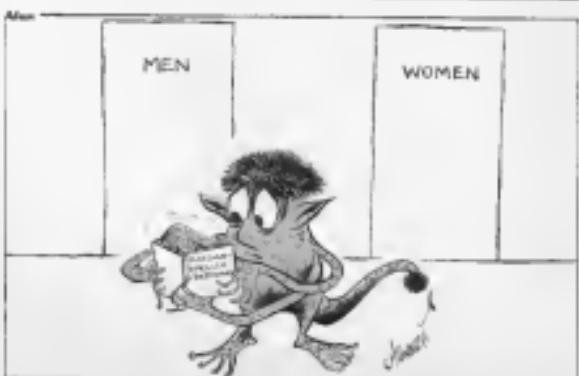
On the other Liberty release we have Jan & Dean once again, this time giving us *Folk 'n' Roll*, or at least that's what the title implies we should expect from the LP. However, after having listened to all of the tracks several times I came to the conclusion that this was not meant to be a "straight" album after all. Rather, it seems to be a satirical, tongue-in-cheek "folk-walk" through a handful of contemporary standards which have proved to be successful on the record charts. Among others, there is the Beatles' song, "Yesterday" and Bob Dylan's "It Ain't Me Babe." But of all the selections, "Hang on Sleepy" in particular gets my vote for being one of the sweetest tracks I've ever heard on wax, containing some questionable ad-libs such as "What are all these flies doing in here?" followed by a succession of wild, provocative darts and nearly inaudible groans. And toward the end there is a distinctly soprano passage, but unfortunately I wasn't able to make up my mind who was responsible for these last few vocal moments. It could have been Jan or Dean or Rose Murphy, or then again it could have been all three. In any event, this

some time. In any case, he (Goulet) on his current Columbia LP, *I Remember You*, manages somehow to sing his way through a treacly batch of old chestnuts without having a nosebleed. In all fairness, I suppose he must be given credit for that at least. However, when it comes to appraising the album as a whole, I'm afraid that all that can be said of it is that it's mediocre at its best. And as far as I'm concerned, even that may be going too far out on a limb. Marty Manning, who arranged and conducted the latest orchestra, appears to have accumulated much of his musical taste from listening to Monk. As for the singer himself, I suggest that he learn to play the trumpet and form his own orchestra immediately. After all, a replacement for Vaughn Monroe is yet to be found, and "Racing With the Moon," in my opinion, is due for a revival soon.

In sharp contrast to the static offering by Goulet is an excitingly warm and winsome release on RCA Victor by Perry Como that really moves. It's entitled *Supply enough, Lightly Late*, but don't let this rather tame designation from some promotional man at the Victor studios frightened you away. In his latest "effervescent" effort on wax, Como has the good sense to surround his polished, richly-hued voice with the tasteful and imaginative arrangements of Nick Perito, who incidentally also conducts the full orchestra. Combine this with the remarkable repertoire of songs that Como has chosen to sing, and you have an album where there is "a perfect matching of man to music." Leaning heavily on the bossa nova movement, the album is sprinkled throughout with the best songs from A.C. Jobim. In addition, we have a pulsating "Bau," a thoughtful "Manha de Carnaval" from the film *Black Orpheus*, a tender "The Boxes," and an interestingly done "Yesterday," which as we all know by now is a Lennon-McCartney tune. Incidentally, it's a perfect album for those singularly romantic moments when you and "she" get back to your apartment after an evening out.

Lastly, guess who's recording again after an eight year silence? No, it's not Lubeth Scott. It's Mae West on Tower Records, aka Capitol. Someone has surrounded her with four or five young males (average age: 15) who play Rock 'n' Roll and call themselves Somebody's Children. Recorded in "Sexaphonic Sound," Mae bounces through a number of the Top Ten tunes of the day from The Beatles' "Day Tripper" to Percy Sledge's "When a Man Loves a Woman." The name of the LP is *Way-Out West*. As if I had to tell you.

—Dane Woodbury



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violence injures others."*

CANTO XII, 46-48
THE INFERNUS OR
DANTE ALIGHIERI

I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT it a lot, man; like why Victor and I made that terrible scene out there at San Quentin, putting ourselves on that it was just for kicks. Victor was hung up on kicks; they were a thing with him. He was a sharp dark-haired cat with bright eyes, built lean and hard like a French skin-diver. His old man dug only money, so he'd always had plenty of bread. We got this idea out at his pad on Portrero Hill — a penthouse, of course — one afternoon when we were lying around on the sunporch in swim trunks and drinking gin.

"You know man," he said, "I have made about every scene in the world. I have bailed all the chicks, red and yellow and black and white, and I have gotten high on muggles, bluejays, redbirds, and mescaline. I have even tried the white stuff a time or two. But—"

"You're a goddam tiger, dad."

"—but there is one kick I've never had, man."

When he didn't go on I rolled my head off the quart gin bottle I was using for a pillow and looked at him. He was giving me a shot with those hot wild eyes of his.

"So like what is it?"

"I've never watched an execution."

Like when you've seen and done everything, man, what is left but death?

THE SECOND COMING

by JOE GORES





down beyond the horizon. I dug it all, the sail of a lone early yacht out in the bay like a tossed-away paper cup, the whitecaps flipping around out by Angel Island like they were stoned out of their minds, the top down on the 350-SL so we could smell salt and feel the icy bite of the wind. But beyond the tunnel on U.S. 101, coming down towards Manz City, I felt a sudden sharp chill as if a cloud had passed between me and the sun, but none had; and then I dug for the first time what I was actually doing.

Victor felt it, too, for he turned to me and said, "Must maintain cool, dad."

"I'm with it."

Six Quentin Prison, out on the end of its peninsula, looked like a sprawled ugly dragon sunning itself on a rock,

to Hollywood.

"Whatever ye do unto the least of these, my brethren, ye do unto me," he cried in that ringing apocalyptic voice.

I grabbed his arm and dragged him back down off the seat. "For Christ sake, man, cool it!"

But he went into high laughter and punched my arm with fervent enthusiasm, and then jerked a tiny American flag from his inside pocket pocket and began waving it around above the windshield. I could see the sweat on his forehead.

"It's worth it to live in that country!" he yelled at them.

He put the car in gear and we went on. I looked back and saw one of those cats crossing himself. It put things back in perspective: they were from

Kodak scenes while they're busy dropping the pellets. We ended up inside the prison with our shoes hark on and with our noses full of that old prison detergent-dandruff stink.

The politician type, who had these cold slitted eyes like a Sherman tank, started cooing on with rite jokes but everyone put him down, hard, even the reporters. I guess nobody but fuzz ever gets used to executions. The Army stud was at parade rest with a face so pale his freckles looked like a charge of shot. He had reddish hair.

After a while five guards came in to make up the twelve required witnesses. They looked rank, as fuzz always do, and got off in a corner in a little huddle, laughing and grunting together like a bunch of kids kicking a dog. Victor and I rolled over to hear what they were saying.

"Who's sniffing the eggs this morning?" asked one.

"I don't know, I haven't been reading the papers." He yawned when he answered.

"Don't you remember?" urged another. "It's the guy who smothered the woman in the house toilet. Down in the Valley by Salinas."

"Yeah. Soldier's wife, he was raping her and . . ."

Like dogs hearing the plateattle, they turned in unison towards the Army lieutenant, but just then more fuzz came in to march us to the observation room. We went in a column of two's with a guard beside each one, everyone unconsciously in step as if following a cadence call. I caught myself listening for measured mournful drum rolls.

The observation room was built right around the gas chamber, with rising tiers of benches for extras in case business was brisk. The chamber itself was hexagonal, the three walls in our view were of plate glass with a waist-high beam rail around the outside like the rail in an old-time saloon. The other three walls were steel plate, with a heavy door, not-cracked, in the center one, and a small observation window in each of the others.

Inside the chamber were just these two massive chairs, probably oak, facing the rear walls side-by-side, their backs were high enough to come to the nape of the neck of anyone sitting in them. Under each was a basket that I knew contained hydrochloric acid. At a signal the executioner would drop sodium cyanide pellets into a chute, the pellets would roll down into the basket, hydrocyanic acid gas would form, and the cat in the chair would be wasted.

The politician type, who had this rich fruity baritone like Bull from, — fuzz to page 30

Atten



we pulled up near the East Gate and there were not even any birds singing. Just a bunch of quiet cats in black, Quakers or Mennonites or something, posturing capital punishment by their silent presence as they'd done ever since Christ was born. And had gotten his own. I felt dark frightened things move around inside me when I saw them.

"Let's pull out right here, dad," I said in a momentary sort of panic, "and catch the methane next week."

But Victor was in kicksville, like desperate to get on all those squares in the black sans. When they looked over at us he jumped up on the back of the bucket seat and spread his arms wide like the Sermon on the Mount. With his tortoise-shell shades and his flossing teeth and that suit which had cost three yards, he looked like Christ on his way

nowhere. The Middle Ages. Not that I judged them that was their scene, man. Unto every cat what he digs the most.

The guard on the gate directed us to a small wooden building set against the outside wall, where we found five other witnesses. Three of them were reporters, one was a fat cat smoking a 45-caliber shotgun like a politician from Sacramento, and the last was an Army type in helmet-hat's hair, his belt buckle and insignia looking as if he'd been up all night with a cat of Brooks.

A guard came in and told us to surrender everything in our pockets and get a receipt for it. We had to remove our shoes, too, they were too heavy for the fluoroscope. Then they put us through that grossy little room one-by-one to x-ray us for cameras and so on: they don't want anyone making the

wanted to make sure he was comfortable. And all the time he was talking with them. Not that we could hear it, but I suppose it went that's fine, follow me, no, that strap isn't the right, gee, I hope I'm not reading you here for health.

That's what bugged me, he was so damned apologetic! While they were forcing him down over that little bucket of oblivion, that poor dead lonely son of a bitch twisted around to look over his shoulder at us and he moaned. I mean if he'd had an arm free he might have scolded! One of the frizz, who had white hair and these sad gentle eyes like he was wearing a hair shirt, patted him on the head on the way out. No personal animosities, son, just doing my job.

After that the tempo increased, like your heart beat when you're on a black street at three a.m. and the echo of your own footsteps begin to sound like someone following you. The warden was at one observation window, the priest and the doctor at the other. The blackrobe made the sign of the cross, having a last go at the condemned, but he was digging only Ben Casey here was this M.D. cat who'd taken the Hippocratic Oath to preserve life, waving his arms around like a director to show that and the easiest way to die.

Hold your breath then breathe deeply you won't feel a thing. Of course hydrocyanic acid goes in the poor guts into a red hot snap and burns out every fiber in the lining of your lungs, but you won't be really feeling it at first you thought that'd not be real severe enough.

Like they should have called him the Hypothetical Oath.

So there we were, three yards and a half as much of plate glass apart, with us staring at him and him by just turning his head able to stare right back but there were a million light years between the two sides of the glass. He didn't turn. He was shaved and strapped in and hinted on how to die, and he was ready for the funeral. I found out afterwards that he had even willed his body to medical research.

I did a quick take around.

Victor was sweating profusely, his eyes glued in the window.

The policeman was pop-eyed, nose pressed flat and belly Anderson by the beard and judgey fingers like plump garlic scapes sneering the glass on either side of his head. A look on his face, already, like that of a vital masking it with a chuck.

The reporters seemed ashamed, as if someone had caught them peeking over the transom into the ladies' johns.

The Army cat just looked sick
—turn to page 40



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Beautiful Christine (37-25-36)

TRUTH-SEEKER

NO MATTER WHAT I'm doing," says Christine Reid, lovely and successful operatic singer, actress and television commercial model, "I demand honesty, truth. If a man likes me, I expect him to say so—if he doesn't, I want that said as well."

Which isn't a very likely happening. As a matter of fact, when Christine played the lead in a stage rendition of "A Streetcar Named Desire," she received a standing ovation—and nobody, to date, has said that he didn't like her ... 



declares herself as a "getter to the bottom of things . . ."



ADAM's Eve
Christine Reid



Our heroes find that a property is a property, no matter where it's located

SATYRICON

Continuing the memoirs of Petronius as translated and reconstructed by PAUL J. GILLETTE

A Matter of Love and Legality: PART IX

BEFORE LONG, our energies had begun to wane. At this point, the officer produced some aphrodisiacs, which Eunapius and I gladly consumed and that refreshed ourselves for further performance.

It was not until late that afternoon that we all decided to call it a day, whereupon the grateful woman and her daughter departed, expressing their gratitude, and Eunapius and I bid the officer a fraternal good bye.

Now, after having supped, the poet and I journeyed to the town square, where there was an exhibit of sculpture. We examined each of the pieces with interest, even though they were quite badly done, and might have then gone back to our lodgings peacefully had it not been that one of the sculptors asked Eunapius' opinion of his work.

"I have never seen such hideous nonsense passing for art in the whole of my lifetime," my friend declared. "If I were you, I'd be ashamed to admit that I was responsible for the atrocities."

The sculptor quickly lost himself in the crowd, dreading of avoiding further criticism, for his part, however, Eunapius was wound up and could not rest until he had spoken his piece. Mounting the base of one of the statues, he faced the crowd and declared:

"This exhibition is an insult to the art of sculpture. I have never seen anything so hideous in my life. And you, foolish people, look at these statues as if they were really worthwhile creations."

"Dol! Dol!"

"Is it any wonder that the age has become what it is? What has happened to the masters of old? Where are the painters and sculptors of merit?"

"Ah, we have ruined ourselves — and you, foolish people,

are responsible.

"What has done it?"

"Oh lots of riches, that's what. In olden times, when virtue was admired for its own sake, all liberal arts flourished and the only ambition among men was to make discoveries which might profit the age."

"It was in those times that Democritus, content with poverty, discovered the virtues of herbs, and, lest there be any hidden excellence in stones and trees, spent the rest of his life in experiments about them."

"It was in those times that Eudoxus abandoned the world and took up residence at the top of a high mountain, so that he might study the motions of the heavens."

"It was in those times that Crisippus went these times through the same study of physics so that he might better qualify his mind for invention."

"Lysippus employed himself with one statue so diligently that he neglected the necessities of life and died a pauper. Myron, whose brazen images of men and beasts were so realistic that you might mistake his creations for living beings, starved to death."

"But look at us!"

"Our age is so wholly devoted to drinking and whoring, and we're so far from inventing that we don't even bother to acquaint ourselves with the works of art which are to be found in our very hands."

"Accusing antiquity, our schools have become seminaries of vice. What's our logic? How little do we know of astronomy? Where are our philosophers?"

"What master of eloquence could endure to hear speech numbered, as it is every day in the pulpits and the market places? What wise man could suffer the noise?"

"The very Senate, which should show an exemplary conduct, is itself the occasion of doubtful events. Some sensible — turn the page



SATYRICON, from page 36

ters lead more scandalous lives than the basest of slaves would dream of leading.

"You need not wonder why painting and sculpture are lost, when gold appears more beautiful both to gods and men than anything Apelles or Phidias has esteemed to have really spent their time about."

"You are the axioms of an entire race, my foolish friends. Because of you, the great Roman Empire will crumble and so will all civilization."

"This is my prophecy, and it will be fulfilled unless you turn yourselves away from your love of riches and return to the things of value. As at now stands, your lives are empty, you spend the day searching for gold and the night searching for a woman in whom to bury yourselves or for the pearls of a young boy to sub-volatilize into your intestines . . ."

Now, as Eunalius had been speaking, the crowd grew more and more angry. Finally they began casting stones at him, some of which struck his head and made it bleed, he, in asizing only slightly the expected, covered his head and began running. Fearing that they would know me for his accomplice, even if I tried to deny it, I made after him.

When we were out of range of the angry crowd I said to him:

"I beseech you, my friend, what will we do with that disease of yours? You run at the mouth as a stuck pig runs at his wound. If you don't watch what you say, you'll get us both killed."

"That is a danger you must expect when you seek to tell the truth," he replied.

"Then why tell the truth?" I argued with him. "Why seek to insinuate your beliefs upon others. Let them live their lives and you live yours, don't criticize them and they won't criticize you."

By this time, we were at our lodgings, we went inside and I dressed his wounds in the room.

"We are the victims of our own base appetites," he marveled. "We have let hunger and thirst and sex run away with us, and we are now like children strapped to the backs of wild horses, unable to control the steeds, only able to hang on and hope that the mercy of some gods somewhere might bring our meaheous journeys to a safe end."

So saying, he undressed me at the escotch and began to massage me.

"Even now I am helpless to resist the temptation to possess you," he complained. "Even after decrying the sickness of the times, I find myself as much a victim as the others."

"Why resist?" I responded, yielding to his caresses. "Why not surrender to the body's demands like everyone else does and think no more of it?"

"Because, my friend," he responded quietly, "as long as there is one man who will cry out the truth, even if doing so means he will be stoned, there is a chance for the human race, but, when the last of us gives up, when everyone has surrendered to his appetites, man will no longer control his own destiny. There will be no hope for the world, my friend, nor for the miserable people in it."

And, so speaking, he took me and pulled me against him. And in this manner we spent the night.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, Eunalius and I took to walking the streets again and noticed, in the market-place, a woman of such striking physique that even the abundance of loosely-draped garments she wore failed to conceal her most prominent assets.

We followed her for half an hour, delighting in the view of her posterior, imagining all sorts of uses to which those exquisite buttocks could be put and speculating between ourselves about the anterior view, which he hadn't yet been fortunate enough to glimpse.

When she stopped at a fruit stand, we came to a halt be-

hind her and continued our inspection at closer range. Inspired by the vision, I turned to Eunalius and said, in a low voice:

"I'd give twenty pieces of gold to spend but a single night with that chaser."

The comment was made, of course, in jest, in the manner of paying metaphoric tribute to the woman's amazing development. My comment, however, was overheard by her, and she quickly turned to face us.

"The price of twenty pieces is quite satisfactory, sir, the told me. "I can available tonight, either at your lodgings or at my own."

I was astounded. I stood face to face with one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, and one whose front pose was of such startling proportion that the magnificence rose paled in comparison to it.

Stunned, I was only able to stammer:

"Now. Your house."

Adam



"If your wife wanted an ice cream and beer float,
I bet you'd get up and . . ."

Thereupon, walking about dazedly, I blindly followed her to her house, where I partook of such delights as might stagger even the most unbridled imagination.

Her lips were a fiery generator, charging my body to unimaginable heights of desire, and her hips were a grinding receptacle that satisfied my ardor without diminishing it.

Such were the multifarious pleasures I experienced in her embrace that, without pausing to consume a single aphrodisiac, I continued to drink at the fountain of ecstasy until—more than sixteen hours later—I fell wearily to the floor, my thighs finally slaked.

Now, at the end of the athenry hour, she asked me if I had found the experience satisfactory. I replied that I indeed had.

Thereupon she demanded payment of the twenty gold pieces I had promised her.

For the first time, I realized the extravagance of my offer. Twenty gold pieces would diminish my fortune by almost

half. I had been speaking metaphorically, but she had taken me literally, now, I seemed to have no choice but to come up with the twenty gold pieces I had so foolishly promised her.

"Have pity on me, madam," I pleaded with her. "I am a poor man, prompted to make an outrageous offer only by an all-consuming lust for you. I had not really intended to make the offer, but only wished the extorting of it to act as a compliment to you, in reality, twenty gold pieces is more than I have to my name."

My pleas did not anger her.

"You made the offer, sir," she replied. "I accepted it. You might have withdrawn it before we left the marketplace, but you did not, instead, you came here and took your pleasures of me for nineteen hours. Now, you have no choice but to pay."

"But madam," I cried, "I haven't the money."

"A bargain is a bargain," she said coldly. "I have fulfilled my end of it, now, either you'll fulfill yours and at I'll take the matter to the courts."

Now, threatened thereby, I grew obstinate. If that would be her position on the matter, I decided then I would refuse to pay her anything, let her take it to the courts. Law required that prostitutes be licensed, she did not display a license on the premises, and therefore was acting outside the law. If she engaged in extra-legal transaction, she could not expect the law to aid her in enforcing its terms.

Harrow masoned in this manner, I refused her any payment whatsoever and returned to my lodgings. As far as I was concerned, the matter was closed and I had got the better of it.

Much to my surprise, the following morning I received a summons to appear before the local magistrate as defendant in a suit for damages.

In court, the woman—acting as her own counsel—argued as follows:

"Your honor, I am the owner of a piece of property which the defendant agreed to rent for a specified length of time for the price of twenty gold pieces. The defendant took possession of the property, used it extensively for the duration of the period of rental, and gave every indication that he found it to be satisfactory as previously represented to him. Since it is restricted property, I declare the rent not excessive and therefore ask that judgment be granted to induce full payment."

Upon hearing this I was annoyed, for I found her approach both novel and witty, nevertheless, I felt that she had no legal grounds and the case would be dropped by the magistrate as soon as I made it clear to his precisely what was the nature of the "restricted property" she had supposedly "rented" me.

Esmolpus, however, who had volunteered to serve as my lawyer—an offer which I foolishly accepted—decided to argue the case on her grounds.

"If it please the court, I confess that my client occupied said property and derived a degree of satisfaction therefrom," he told the magistrate. "However, upon assuming occupancy, he found that the property contained an unimpassable well, around which he had to place his own stones, into which he had to sink a shaft and erect a pump. I feel that the labor involved in these improvements is adequate to offset the balance she claims due her, and thereby petition the court that the charges be dismissed."

At that point, the magistrate, an elderly man himself, however one not without much energy, called the woman before his bench.

"I think," said he, "that I would like to inspect the property before I arrive at my decision."

When she agreed to this, the magistrate declared the trial recessed until the following day. Thereupon he proceeded with her to her house, where he presumably conducted a

vigorous and quite lengthy inspection, the termination of which occurred some minutes before the trial was scheduled to resume.

In the courtroom he spoke as follows:

"Had the defense sought to invalidate the plaintiff's claim by accusing her of practicing prostitution without a license, the case might be dismissed. However, since the attorney for the defense has conceded that a rental of property had actually taken place, I must rule upon the case as presented by the plaintiff."

"Now, having examined the 'property,' I find that there indeed was a well thereon and that there is every evidence that the defendant made the improvements his counsel claims. However, I cannot help but feel that, had the defendant not known the well existed, he would not have rented the property in the first place. Furthermore, it is obvious that, upon vacating the premises, he removed the stones, withdrew the shaft and likewise took away the pump. Thus, not only were the improvements temporary in nature and lasting only as long as the defendant's occupancy, but in departing he left the property in a less valuable state, for his activities with the well while he was a tenant left it a source of danger, particularly in regard to small children."

"Accordingly, I must rule in favor of the plaintiff, and hereby order that the defendant be imprisoned for a period of not less than six months, by which time, if he has not made payment to the plaintiff of the twenty gold pieces agreed upon, his sentence shall be extended for another six months."

Closing the day I met Esmolpus, I plotted revenge, my poet-friend, however, was more resourceful than I expected him to be. The second night of my imprisonment there was a fire in the jail, and during the activities of those trying to combat the blaze, Esmolpus slipped in, freed me from my chains and carried me off.

Apologizing for having lost the case, he pointed out that he had redeemed himself by starting the fire and arranging my escape, further, he said, the two days' time I spent imprisoned were certainly worth the pleasures I had enjoyed with the woman.

I agreed and expressed my gratitude to him, whereupon we returned to our lodgings and plotted the next move.

When it was discovered that I was no longer among the prisoners, a search most definitely would be instituted, therefore, we decided, the best move was to leave the city as quickly as possible.

"Give me your money, Esmolpus," Esmolpus said, "and I will go about the business of arranging our departure."

"Suppose," I replied, "that you decided to take it with you and leave me here?"

"This is no time to distrust me," he countered. "If you walk the streets, you may be recognized, therefore, your best bet is to leave everything in my hands and hide out somewhere safe until I have things arranged."

I thought of hiding out right where I was, but no sooner had we packed our bags than there was a great clamor outside, the police had come looking for me.

Together, Esmolpus and I carried our things out the back way and took refuge in a dense brush.

"There is one hiding place safer than any," he whispered to me. "I'd advise you proceed to it immediately and wait for me there."

"And where's that?" I asked.

"The low-class whorehouse where we bought the plaque," he replied. "The last place in the world anyone would look for a high-class fugitive in a low-class whorehouse."

I agreed with his logic and immediately headed for the place. (To be continued)

DEAR ADAM

ETHEREAL SPIRITS

I believe that in your last issue of *ASIM* (10/6)—in which you had "The Body of McKay" and "It's Your Funeral!"—that you were in fact assisted in the formulation of the magazine by a person or persons outside your staff who like death and made specific other psychological suggestions. You may, if you wish, deny this to me.

Ronald Hazefield
Palo Alto, Calif.

Do we call those "persons outside our staff" writers, then? And while they frequently make psychological suggestions, we're not sure as to whether or not they actually like death—or anything, for that matter. They always help in the formulation of *ASIM*.

WANTS BETTER FICTION

I hope you have the nerve to publish this if your magazine keeps getting "better": we can look out the pictures and let children take it to school to read. Whatever happened to the good, down-to-earth fiction that used to be in *ASIM*? When *ASIM* first came out they had some really good stories, now they stink. And don't tell me that "things will get better"; either I have been waiting a whole year for things to get "better," and nothing has happened to me. There, I said it and I'm glad.

J. Wier
Payetteville, Ark.

Do we genuinely assure that you've found our response lacking, Mr. Wier, but we ask that you give us one last chance. In the time we have been publishing fiction ("The Second Coming," by Joe Gorin, and "Big Bob's Nightcap Show," by David Muenker), if, after reading these stories, you still feel the same way, send another letter and we'll have the "nerve" to publish it, too.

LIKES CHANGE

I want to be the first to commend the editorial staff for the "New Look" that has come over *ASIM* and the *ASIM* we see now—no, I mean getting some time for it. I especially like the change that has become apparent in the fiction and articles in the current issues—and the taking away of some of the ads. In fact, I think that the ads have been removed so we have more room and can (I hope) have more fiction.

Terry Lee
Three Rivers, Calif.

Oh, thank you, Terry—and as we said in the last letter, check the future for it now! It should come up to your standards.

VIVA LA MORTENI

I thought your personality shot on *Star Trek* (in issue 10/9) was some thing that has needed doing for a long time. Any doll as beautiful as "Swinging-Rom" is worth reading about. Keep up the good work, and let's see more (lots more) of *Roma*.

Walter Tassell
Reno, Nevada

COMING, from page 31

Only the fuzz were unchanged, expending no more emotion on this than on their targets after rapid-fire exercises at the range.

No fuzz was there hatred.

Suddenly, for the first time in my life, I was part of it. I wanted to yell out *now!* We were about to gun that stud and none of us wanted him to shoot.

We've created this society and we're all responsible for what it does, but none of us as individuals are willing to take that responsibility. We're like that Nazi at Nuremberg who said that everything would have been all right if they'd only given him more power.

The warden signaled. I heard gun smoke up around the chair.

The condemned man didn't move. He was following doctor's orders. Then he took the huge gulping breath the M.D. had pantomimed. All of a sudden he threw this tremendous convulsion, his body straining up against the straps, his head slewed around so I could see his eyes were tight shut and his lips were pulled back from his teeth. Then he started panting like a baby in an oxygen tent, sniffling and shallowly. Only it wasn't oxygen his lungs were trying to work on.

The lieutenant stepped back smartly from the window, blinked, and polished on the glass. His vomit hung there for an instant like a phosphorous bomb burst in a bunker, then two hands were supporting him from the neck and we were all yanking back from the mess. All except the politician. He hadn't even noticed: he was in Henry Miller'sville, getting his sex kicks the easy way.

I guess the stud in there had never dug that he was supposed to be gone in two seconds without pain, because his body was still arched up in that terrible how, and his hands were still clasped. I could see the muscles standing out along the sides of his jaws like marbles. Finally he flopped back and just hung there in his straps like a machine-gunned paratrooper.

But that wasn't the end. He took another huge gash, so I could see his ribs pressing out against his white shirt. After that one, twenty seconds. We decided that he had cut out.

Then another gash. Then nothing. Hell's a serene nothing.

Another of those fatal temple shuddering racking gashes. At last, all though. All used up. Making it with the cables.

But then he did it again. Every fiber of that dead wasted coarse thrown-away body strained for an on this one. No air, only hydrocyanic acid gas just nerves, like the fish twitching after you whack it on the

skull with the back edge of the skinning knife. Except that it wasn't a fish we were seeing die.

His head flopped sideways and his tongue came out slyly like the tongue of a dead deer. Then that gash ran out of his mouth. It was just saliva—they said it couldn't be anything else—but it reminded me of the residue after light-bulb resistance has been melted in an electrical fire. That kind of black. That kind of scorched.

Very softly, almost to himself, Victor announced: "Later dad."

That was it. Dig you in the knee-after, said Ten Little Mauses and you're through the wall. Mitzah Kurtz, he dead. Mitzah Kurtz, he very very goddamn dead.

I believed it. Looking at what was left of that cat was like looking at a chick who's gotten himself bombed on the heavy, so when you hold a match in front of her eyes the pupils don't react and there's no one home, man. Nowhere. End of the kniville.

We again.

But on the way out I kept thinking of that Army stud, and wondering what had made him sick. Was it because the cat in the chair had been the last to enter, no matter how violently, the body of his beloved, and now even that futile connection had been severed? Whatever the reason, his body had known what perhaps his mind had refused to accept: this ending was no new beginning; this death would not restore his dead object to him. This death, no matter how just in his eyes, had generated only nausea.

Victor and I sat in the Mercedes for a long time with the top down, looking out over that bright beautiful empty peninsula, not named, as you might think, after a name, but after some poor dumb Indian they had hung there a hundred years or so before trees and clouds and blue water, and still no birds making the song. Even the cats in the black suits had vanished, but now I understood why they'd been there. In their silent ceremony, they had been assuring the right gang, man. We are the ones from the Middle Ages.

Victor took a deep shuddering breath as if he could never get enough air. Then he said in a barely audible voice: "How did you dig that action, man?"

I gave a little shrug, being myself, and the only thing I could say "It was a god, dad."

"I dig, man. I'm hip. A god."

Something was wrong with the way he said it, but I broke the seal on the tequila and we killed it in fifteen minutes, without even a time to rock in between. Then he started the car and we cut out, and I realized what

The End of the Time of Leinard

by Harlan Ellison

The sheriff cleaned up the town, but then he didn't know how to stop

SHHERIFF FRANK LEINARD stood tensed, his hand poised somewhere in that limbo above the gun. His belly was drawn in and his legs were spread, tight as a rattler's grip. "I don't want to draw on you, Gus . . . don't make me," he said softly.

The breeze coming in from the west end of town ruffled his dark brown hair. It also ruffled the sheettail hanging from the pants of Gus Tabbert, poised opposite the Sheriff, down the street. Tabbert swayed. It was obvious he was drunk. "N I ain't gonna make ya draw, Sheriff. But you ain't gonna take me, too, pal, neither."

The Sheriff's hard, square face grew even tighter. "We don't like drunks that make noise and shoot up the Palace, Gus. You know that. Now just settle back and don't make me draw on you."

There was a staggering movement from Tabbert, and he fumbled at his holster for an instant.

Frank Leinard's right hand slipped leather, brought the big Colt free of the holster, and the August peace of the town was shattered by two sharp, quick reports, like a battleship sinking.

Gus Tabbert took a tentative step, felt at himself, and twisted forward, face-first into the dirt. He was dead before he hit. He lay there with the gun halfway out of its holster, his legs crushed up under him as though he were a puppet suddenly devoid of strings. The breeze ruffled his hair.

—turn the page





drew on me."

Bedillo dropped the hat, a flush lighting his upper cheekbones. "You know Gus is always drunk, Frank. And the little bit of shootin' he did was nothin' compared to what used to happen when Cox Fallow's boys used to hit town. It's just not right, is all."

Morn Ashley moved up beside Be-

shold, no more.

"We're lots quieter now. The frontier days are gone, Frank, when you had to draw on every man who shot up a saloon. Gus was a friend to all of us."

"Gus was my friend, too, Moes," Leonard stock in softly.

"That's what we're tryin' to say.

Leonard stood up slowly. He was a big man, over six feet, and they edged back warily. There was no telling what burned beneath that calm surface. He put his hands out—fingers spread, palms flat—on the desk. His face was calm, as he answered them.

"What you're tryin' to say is, you want me to resign. That right, Pete, Morn, Kael, Anse? That it?"

They mumbled and stammered and mumbled, "Well, no that ain't exactly . . ." or "Oh, you know how things are, Frank . . ." and "Now don't get sore, Frank . . ."

But he knew when they meant it stuck up in their draw like a raw potato.

Leonard spoke quietly, surely. "You remember Louise Springer, the girl they had in schoolism 'bout three years back?" They nodded. His face slipped into an expression of softness.

Remember there was a lot of talk I was going to marry up with her?" They nodded again, and Anse Pfeiffer from the General Store added, "We never knew what happened them, Frank. Never thought it was our business to find out. No call to bring it up now, is there?"

Leonard nodded his head somberly. "Yes, Anse. There is just as these's reason to bring up now that I've never been invited to your home for supper. Nor yours, Pete, nor Moes's house, nor Kael's. Why's that?"

They stammered again, each averting his eyes.

"When I asked Louise Springer to marry me," Frank Leonard said with a trace of oddness in his voice, "you know what she said?" They did not answer. Each stood elsewhere. It was not an easy thing they asked this big man.

"I'll tell you. She said, 'No, I can't do it, Frank.' So I asked her why, and after a long while she told me, I had to look up a word with Doc Crenkell, 'cause I didn't know what it was. You know what she called me, you men? She called me a pariah.'

"You know what that is—answer me! You know?"

They shook their heads. His voice was hungry, and tortured, and straining.

"It means an outcast, someone no one else wants to go near. So I asked her what she meant, and she looked at me like I was shot in the belly. You understand? Like she was sorry for me. Me! Frank Leonard, the Sheriff! Sorry for me. Then she went ahead and said, 'Frank, you're a good man, but they've hired you to kill and that's what you are . . . a hired gun. No matter if you get the live with you or not, you're a hired killer. And they know

—turn to page 49



"I'm an eyebrow man myself."

Frank," Karl Brekin from the D-Slaish-D spoke for the first time. "When you had plenty of rowdys to tame, you were in fine style, but now that it's mostly families and such in Barterville, you've taken to huntin' your meat in the townsfolk. We just want you to understand that times change, and the men gotta change with 'em, otherwise—

"Look, Frank, I'll be honest 'bout that.

"You've gotten to being more than just Sheriff 'round here. The way some folks feel, you're the law now. The mayor, and the council and whatnot. And that ain't right, Frank. That is as much your town as it is ours, but you don't act the way we figger a Sheriff

Adam's

TALES



THE PERFECT WOMAN

The man knew what he was doing, the bourbon flowed like water, and the woman was an absolutely consummate bed-partner. After five solid hours of violent and sensual love-making—which totally exhausted the man—he rose to leave.

"I have to get to work," he told the woman, who was still propped upon the bed. "But I'd like to say that I have never made love to a more knowledgeable woman. You're absolutely perfect—in every respect."

"Roger," the woman interrupted him, "I'm not all that perfect. You see, I forgot to take my precautions and I'm afraid that now you'll have to marry me."

"Oh?" he replied, startled. "And what will you do if I don't?"

"I just couldn't have an illegitimate child!" she wailed. "I'd shoot myself first!"

"These, you see what I mean," he said, opening the door. "You're the perfect woman!"

IT'S CONTAGIOUS

A pharmaceutical friend of ours recently got the following letter:

Dear druggist,

Will you please send me a book on personal hygiene? I think I caught a case of it last night."

PATRIOTISM LIVES!

Overhead at our fabled watercooler: "The increased divorce rate indicates that the United States is still the land of the free."

"Yes—but the steadily growing marriage rate shows that it's still the home of the brave."

A TOUCH OF THE MAGIC WAND

A young man had just bought a new convertible, and was happily bombing down the street when he saw a beautiful young blonde standing on the corner. He promptly stopped and asked her if she'd care to get in and go for a ride.

"Sure," she answered, wagging seductively. "But I think it's only fair to warn you—I'm a witch."

And she wasn't lying—before the young man had driven two more blocks, she'd turned him into a motel.



KARATE!

The same friend, who drives one of those little German cars, stuck his hand out to signal a turn the other day and captured a traffic cop.

MAKING ROYALTY

An exceptionally beautiful young actress, notably famous for her I-don't-give-a-damn attitude, and having a new lover practically every week, was being interviewed by a news reporter upon her recent return from visiting Europe.

"I heard that you broke a lot of hearts in Europe," the reporter said, "not the least of which were several of the various countries' nobility. It is rumored that everything from kings to dukes courted and chased after you. Did you have a good time with them?"

"My European vacation was a simply marvelous adventure, darling," replied the actress, wrapping an obviously-new musk stole about her creamy shoulder. "Simply a whirlwind of doing things and going places—and I managed to make every second Count."

WITH BULGING EYE . . .

Then there was the peeping tom who stayed up all night waiting for the peeing of the village belli.



ABOVE AND BEYOND

Read the one about the Chicago censor who was killed in the line of duty? He climbed up on the runway to stop a stripper from descending and was bunged off.

SENIOR PROBLEMS FOR SENIOR CITIZENS

The lady walked in to the doctor's office and sat weedly in the examination chair.

"What's the problem?" the doctor asked.

"My husband and I don't enjoy sex the way we once did," she answered.

"How old are you, ma'am?"

"I'm eighty-two," she answered. "And how old is your husband?"

"He's eighty-seven."

"I see," the doctor smiled. "And when did you first notice this lack of enjoyment?"

"These times last night," she answered, quickly. "And twice again this morning."

SURE-CURE

Then there's the one about the drunk who walked into a bar and ordered a drink without moving his lips. They were covered with a thick, brown-white, hard coating.

"My god, Ernie," said the bartender upon seeing him. "What's the matter with you lips?"

"They're chapped," Ernie replied—still without moving them.

"What's that stuff you have on them?"

"That's chicken dung," Ernie answered, sipping his drink slowly.

"Chicken dung?" the bartender exclaimed. "I didn't know chicken dung could chapped lips."

"It doesn't," said Ernie, matter-of-factly. "But you sure as hell don't like 'em."

BIG BOB, from page 47

Big Bob saw the pick-up man swear back and forth at the end of the record. He stopped the station break and slipped on Chet Atkins and said, "Listen, Mama." But the line was buzzing, and instead of Chet Atkins, Mama Pearl was cooing over the air waves.

AT MIDNIGHT, THE orange phone signal flickered. Reaching for the receiver, he hoped it was Mama. Putting it to his ear, he expected Laura. Who came over the wire was Boots.

"Sorry. Boots Can't make it."

"You sound funny."

"Ha Ha." He tossed the receiver into its cradle.

That night, the Jaguar earned its name. At one o'clock, Big Bob was gliding into his driveway. He tip-toed into the house. It was dark. Laura was in bed. He felt the cold sleep-soft silence that usually greeted him when he came home on nights when he had told her he would be stopping at the Back Door for a drink. But he hadn't told her that tonight. She hadn't called.

"Laura," he whispered.

"Yes, Bob," she said, aloud, staring him.

THE NEXT MORNING, he twisted around in front of the bathroom mirror to see the marks she left on him the night before.

He knew the idea was ridiculous. That some lover excited Laura as profoundly, she wanted her husband also. Not much later. But if he was such a good lover that she was willing to endanger her marriage to a man many women desired, what made her wait more, not much later? He couldn't look at her. He had to get out of the house.

He called Boots. She couldn't leave work at the beauty shop.

He went on the air at seven with a dry mouth. Dry from tension and fear.

He told all the girls and women who called to go to hell and dig it. "Don't you know I'm a married man?" But they only called more often. To tease him. Some of them called him dirty names. Dirty talk, he often enjoyed. But when they called him dirty names, he felt a mass accumulate around him there in the small control room. He left the phone off the hook several minutes, but replaced it when he realized that he was waiting for Laura to call.

"Bob, kiss me, kiss me . . ."

"Mama!"

"Softly, softly, softly, baby . . ."

"Cut that out, dammit. You call me up, get me all worked up, then cut me off."

"What do you think you do to me?"

"Nothing. Dammit. Nothing. So far, nothing but talk."

"It's better than nothing."

"I've had enough of nothing. Listen, Mama, I need to see you. I mean it. Stop fooling around, stop working on me, and then . . ."

"I can't see you."

"Why not? You're from out of town, your husband's dead, you've got a hotel room. What's in the way?"

"Do you really like me?"

"I really like you. I only need a little more of you to keep you. Listen, break. Be right back. Now, dammit, don't go away."

But she did. He put on a long-playing record and just sat there before the dead radio, sweating, tense, rubbing his tired, burning eyes.

Laura didn't call.

Boots called. Her last words were: "Listen, Buster, you may think you're God's gift to women, but I'd rather take my chances with cracko-pucks."

"You must of been listening on a party line the last time I heard that line." He tossed the receiver but missed and it bounced and struck his knee.

AT ONE-O-FIVE, he parked three doors from his house and ran over the foot-hard grass to his bedroom window. The shade was down. As he turned from his own window, he happened to glance into the window next door where fat Mrs. Farrell, in a pink shorts, turned back to help a pill, her eyes pinched tight. As the shorts rose with the toss, a clump of black showed below her belly. A light spured Mr. Farrell, who lay on the bed, his arms flung over his eyes to shield them from the sudden glare of light. Her lips still puffed from the swallow, Mrs. Farrell opened her eyes and looked out the window straight at Big Bob. Tossing Duking, he scouted into the garage, where he stood, flat against the wall until the Farrell light went out, ten minutes later. "That yellow son-of-a-bitch," Bob said to himself, imagining Mr. Farrell's repeated refusals to go out and see who was prowling around.

THE NEXT MORNING, while Laura cooked his usual eleven o'clock breakfast, Big Bob conducted an investigation that made him feel so small he had succeeded in forgetting about it by the time he logged in that night at WCOG. He had discovered no signs in the bathroom or the bedroom, or the bed in the bedroom. No signs that he could separate from his own.

That night, few of the old girls called. Boots called to give him one — turn to page 50

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BIG BOB, from page 49

more chance. He didn't take it. He waited for Morris to call. He waited what he would say to her.

Some country music singer — three men and a girl — dropped by the studio to chat with him over the air. He fussed them out, afraid Morris would call while they were there. In a room full of smoke and perfume, Big Bob was lighting another cigarette when the orange light pulsed.

"Before you call me out, let me tell you why I had to hang up."

"I'm listening."

"My husband came in the door."

"That'd hang anybody up. Who let her out of the grave?"

"I lied. He's not dead. I didn't mean for us to come this far. That first time —"

"Was on impulse."

"But then the second time was pure will."

"Now, it's now?"

"Don't be need."

"I'll live."

"I didn't say I wouldn't call you anymore. I've got to. I've got so I have to call. It's the only thing in my whole day."

"Night, baby. Night."

"But I want all day long."

"Then at night your husband waits with you?"

"That's just it. He's on the night shift."

"We've got that much in common. 'I wish you had more'."

"Listen, Morris, that's just what I got to have. I can't take this long distance stuff."

"Oh, you don't need me. You've got all those other girls."

"Voices just voices."

"Never more than that?"

"Off and on, a lot more than that. But only once in a life time someone like you."

"What am I but a voice like the others?"

"If I knew what it was, it wouldn't drive me so crazy. You say the same words. Not as vulgar as some — no where near as vulgar as some . . ."

"Tell me what to say, and I'll say it. If it'll make you feel good."

"It won't. Don't say anything like that."

"Then what is it? I may be ugly as sin, for all you know."

"Except you're not. And you've got a nose, and shape."

"You've got a vivid imagination."

"Teletypewriter braille."

"Bob, I want to make love to you."

"If you mean it, say it again. If you don't, disconnect that goddamned phone."

"My husband . . ."

"What about him?"

"He's not a bad guy."

"He's not a good lover."

"He's a good provider."

"It'd be d love to hear that."

"He sets me up with an automatic washing machine and dryer and dishwasher and deep freeze and color TV and doesn't gripe if I have my hair done twice a week."

"What else can a woman crave?"

"Ordinary affection and abiding love."

"You're reading that from a plaque on the wall?"

"But it's true, Bob. He surrounds me with all that machinery and convenience, and he's a blur, bleached as white as the Monday wash. And you know what he sees when his eyes are turned in my direction?"

"More than I do."

"I'm as alive to him as a TV screen at four in the morning."

"No young man?"

"None."

"How come?"

"We haven't looked into the cause. I think he's afraid to."

"Hold on, I've let it go two hands. Better feed them people a bushel or two of corn, then I'll be right back, with Hank Williams in the background."

Cutting Morris at the top of his voice in the empty radio station for hanging up again, Big Bob saw the orange blinder.

"WCDU?"

"Well, you needn't bust my ear-drums."

"Corduroy whose eyebrows they are, minus."

"Mrs. Farrell, next door."

He started to ask her if she had on her shorts nightie, but a feeling of dread blacked that out.

"Anything wrong?"

"Pretty you should ask. Now, I'm not certain anything's wrong at all, but I thought as your neighbor, and one of your loyal fans, I ought to let you know what little I know."

"About what?"

"Well, last night — I don't think you were home yet. No, I heard your pretty little black Jaguar come purring up the drive twenty minutes later. Well, last night, I was gulping down a pill when I saw a man moving around outside your bedroom window."

Thanks for nothing. "I appreciate your telling me, Mrs. Farrell. Be glad to pay you back with a good of Roy Acuff record. Like to request one?"

"And if I ain't mistakin', there's somebody out there now."

Looking through the glass into the dark studio C where a male stood like a tall thin man, casting a shadow, Big Bob felt a chill go up his spine.

"Should I call the police?"

"Hell, no! I mean, please don't. I'll take care of it."

"Yeah, that might be best, Big Bob. You never know. It may not be what you expect. You know? Man works night shift, he — Shut up, Bill! A man works the night shift, he — Damn it, Bill, turn loose the phone. 'Excuse me, Big Bob, my bus —'

"Ship hell out of her!" said Big Bob, when he heard the receiver slam down at the Farrell house.

Leans didn't call. Boots didn't call. Nobody called. He called *Loss No Answer*. He called *Candy*. She said, no, she wasn't listening to WCOG, and he got the message. In the middle of dialing *Cleone*, his elbow struck the pick-up arm and it scuttled across the new *John Sheppard LP*, and he spent three minutes on the air, trying to joke his way out of it, and five minutes trying to keep from telling the station manager, *Eus Lester*, to go to hell. Then it was time for "The Star-Spangled Banner." He left all the lights on when he went out. But the stars were dark.

GRADY CARSON was twice as fat as Miss Farrell. He didn't wear a shortie nightie and he wasn't gulping down a pill. He wore a double-breasted suit with flowing lapels like an extra in a James Cagney movie of the thirties. He chewed the end of a cigar that was dead when Big Bob came through the door ten minutes ago.

"I listen to you all the time, Big Bob." Bob smiled, weakly. No pause, please, he thought. "I can't make my wife turn you off."

"Thanks," said Big Bob, sarcastically.

"A pleasure."

"How much will this cost?"

"Not so fast, Big Bob. I don't rush into nothing. Big Bob, I gotta be sure."

"About what? That I got the money?"

"You got the money. No, I mean about you being sure. You get it in your head to change your mind right in the middle of it and think what a mess that puts me in. I gotta know for damned sure."

"Find out! Tell me. Find out soon. Then I'll pay you what ever you ask. I'm not stingy."

"Five hundred. I'll dump it in your lap before you know it."

"What?"

"If we're lucky, tomorrow night."

"That quick?"

"It's a simple operation. The gay usually calls. When he does, we're always there."

"Wire tapping?"

"Sure. Just like when you talk to people over the phone, and tape it to



SHE'S A WINNER!

from page 2

Lovely Sandra decided to become a stripper after reading a story in ADAM!

he was always on the lookout for new girls so I wrote him a letter and sent along a picture of myself in a bathing suit. He wrote back and told me if I ever got out to Hollywood he'd give me an audition and that did it. With about a hundred dollars in my pocket and the letter from Chuck persuading me an audition, I bought a bus ticket and headed for California.

That was how Joni Carson got into stripping. But this is the story of Sandra Darnell and how she got into the fine art of the strip tease.

Sandra read the article on Joni Carson in *ADAM*. At that time she was working as the cigarette girl in another Sunset Strip club.

"I'd had several jobs. I'd been in Hollywood about three years and had worked as a clerk-typist, a sales girl, a model and had just started in a club that featured a Beatles type band. I think I'd been there about a week when I read the article on Joni in *ADAM*. I put down the magazine and looked at myself in the mirror. I said something like, 'Old god, if she can do it, why can't you?'

"Anyway that rock and roll music was driving me batty. It's o.k. for the customers. They listen to it because

they want to. But when you work in one of those clubs you have to listen to it. There is just no getting away from it."

The next day I called up Mr. Lands and asked him if he still was on the lookout for new girls—the way it read in your magazine. He gave me an appointment.

"I have to tell you that my heart was beating ninety miles an hour when I went up to his office. Sure, I'd always had sort of a secret ambition to become a stripper but I'd never thought I'd actually be applying for a job or such."

"But Mr. Lands was very nice. He talked to me a few minutes about the usual stuff—what I had been doing, the jobs I'd had. It was just like applying for any other job at first. Then he had me walk back and forth across his office a few times. That was when I really got scared because it looked like he was howsing! Then he called in the woman who helps the girls dress and had her fit me out in a costume. Then we went down stairs and I walked back and forth across the stage a few times. By that time I'd figured it was pretty hopeless."

"You can't imagine how surprised I was when Mr. Lands told me I was

hired."

"And that was when I really got scared. I had no idea what it would be like to take my clothes off before a whole room full of people but I really didn't have much to worry about."

"At the Largo before they let you go on stage you've rehearsed so much that it just seems to come naturally. I think I'd spent about fifty hours working out a routine—with Mr. Lands directing me—before my opening night."

"But I was still pretty nervous the first night I went on stage. As a matter of fact I was so nervous that my hands were trembling. Joni Carson had just replaced Beverly Hills as the Club's headliner and she kept looking at me while I was putting on my makeup. My hands were shaking so much that I was getting gook all over my face—and the fact that she and the other girls were there only made me more nervous."

"Finally she took me aside and said, 'Look, kid. There's nothing to be shook up about. Those people out there are paying to see you. They want to see you. You concentrate on giving them their money's worth and you'll forget all about your nerves.' And she was right. I took the about them and once out on the stage I forgot all about





"Stripping is fun and I enjoy my work. Besides that it pays well and I enjoy it . . ."



myself."

Sandra was born in a small city in Northern California. "I had the usual childhood," she told us. "Went to school and made average grades. My ambition in high school was to become a nurse. I even entered nursing school after getting out but I soon found it wasn't for me. The first time I observed an operation I fainted. That really nipped that career in the bud."

"Then I moved to Hollywood. In the back of my mind was the idea of getting into some phase of show business but I really didn't know what. I just sort of bounced around until I read the article on *Joni in Axess* and made up my mind that I'd put my body to

use and become a stripper."

And Sandra has the body to put to use. She curves to a 38-23-37 that has made the Club Largo customers sit up and take notice.

She told us that she keeps in shape by swimming and playing softball.

"I belong to a girl's baseball team. Last year we set some sort of a record by losing more games than any team ever had before in our league! But it is still fun. In fact it was fun to lose because we got sort of a reputation like the Mets. You know, people were disappointed when we did win a game."

We asked Sandra if she indulges herself in any luxuries now that she

was pulling down a sizable paycheck in her new career.

"You A maid. I hate housework. I think it's dull and the first thing I did was hire a maid to keep house for me. And I spend a lot on perfume. I love perfume."

As to the men in her life, Sandra says there aren't any right now.

"Nothing steady anyway. I enjoy dating but I don't want to get married for several years because I think it would be very hard to stop and be married too. What if I got pregnant?"

To that we had no answer. You can't tell a lady everything you think!





One minute you're there, the next — poof! — you're ashes. Never a dull moment for drinkers

HISTORIANS CAN'T pinpoint just when the first caveman stumbled over a gourd of forgotten grape and found it fermented. They only record that this happy event was followed forthwith by the formation of the first temperance society.

Teetotalers' techniques have varied over the years, but the wildest scare story of all was the Spontaneous Combustion approach. Dickens believed it. Dostoevsky mentioned it. Doctors swore that it happened. And in enlightened 1966, a sub rosa belief in it still smolders.

—turn the page

TEMPEST IN THE TEAPOT: SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

by Jeremy H. Greene



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TEMPEST, from page 57

The tale first sparked back in the First Century. Thomas Batholen, on the authority of Vassalus, reported that a typhing centurian had died with flames pouring out of his mouth.

The agony was called spontaneous combustion — an uninvited igniting of the liquefied corpus. The idea caught on, never with epidemic popularity, but just enough to be hawked from the rostrum as a warning to potential pyrotechnists everywhere.

With the emergence of the Quaker faith and its companion temperance movement in the Seventeenth Century, all the old reasons were reexamined as ready Truth. The belief ignited and spread, until it was commonly accepted in both Europe and the New World.

The hell of it is that no one has ever been able to explain how all those people did die, in flames, without burning anything else in the room with them!

More mister still, mysterious burning deaths continue to occur. Even at the peak of SC's fame, a majority of medics refused to swallow the story that a watery wort could just burn up. Today, few physicians have even heard of it, nor is it listed in the Index Medicus. And yet the whispers and rumors continue to rustle.

Throughout history, certain classic symptoms cling to every spontaneous combustion case. Victims catch fire, burn with intense blue flame, and are reduced to a heap of ashes not easily recognized as a human form. A singeing oily soot fills the air. Very little besides the victim himself is ever burned — even though he may have been near papers, or lying under sheets.

A number of explanations were put forth during the Nineteenth Century. Temperance forces shamed off all the theories that blamed alcohol, and blazed them from the rooftops. Quietly, a number of other theories circulated through the medical world, which at that time was just developing the science of forensic, crime-solving medicine.

Was the deceased a victim of foul play, or of the unexplained disease? The fate of the next-of-kin rested on whether or not the testifying physician believed in SC. At least two husbands were hanged for setting fire to their wives.

One early physician discovered alcohol in human urine, and concluded that alcohol is not changed in human digestion. His rationale distilled this way: alcohol enters the human body, but does not change. Therefore, a sample of the diuretic fluid is stored in muscle and fatty tissue. When enough

is washed away, it burns off, taking the unfortunate host with it.

Spontaneous combustion was labeled "a fable" in 1861 by Dr. Carpenter in his "Handbook of Forensic Medicine" but, meanwhile, a Dr. Wilks came up with a new one. He discovered that the kidneys of habitual drunkards couldn't handle all the phosphorus the body needed to discharge. Eventually, the surplus ignited the repeat offender, death-wise.

It was a big boost for the SC boys when Charles Dickens, certainly no abstainer himself, used it to dispose of dirty old Mr. Krook in his novel *Bleak House*. The scene is a hoary classic as the gin-soaked "Lord Chanceller" of a filthy junk shop dies.

Upstairs in the apartment over Krook's, you'll remember, Guppy and Weevle first notice the sickening smell "What an Devil's name," Guppy gasps. "Look at my fingers."

Dickens gashes, "A thick yellow liquor deller than, which is offensive to the sight and more offensive to the smell! A stagnant, sickening oil, with your natural repulsion so it that makes them both shoulder."

"When he brings the candle, here, from the corner of the window till, it slowly drops and creeps away down the brick, here lies in a little thick, smoky pool."

The slopping yellow lard is, of course, the rendering of poor Krook, the one man who could have sealed the connection between Lady Dedlock and our vapid Victorian virgin-beauty, Esther Summerson.

Guppy and Weevle lunge downstairs and into Krook's lit. They find only a scound and snarling cat.

Krook, well beyond giving up his secret, is a pile of whitish ash and a few cubic yards of floating effluvia. True to the temper of his times, Dickens reduces Krook without breaking any nearby furniture. Only the carpeting under the body is singed.

Dickens and his beloved spectre of spontaneous combustion were set down in 1859 by George Henry Lewes, the English writer and scientist who was, incidentally, squaring off that year to ditch his wife and his with George Eliot. A spirited Dickens-Lewes letters exchange in the London *Leader* prompted Dickens to write a new preface to *Bleak House*.

"There is one other point on which I offer a word of remark. The possibility of what is called Spontaneous Combustion has been denied since the death of Mr. Krook, and my good friend Mr. Lewes (quite mistaken as he soon found out) published some ingenuous letters to me . . . arguing that spontaneous combustion could not possibly be."

TEMPEST, from page 59

water couldn't put her out. Marie Justine torched off in 1779. Mile Thaara, an old maid, put away three bottles of wine and a *deux-espri* of *rou de coq* the day she incendie.

There was the priest of Bergamo And the somewhat ripened corpse in Pisa that exploded. And three noblemen in Courland who never should have started that drinking contest.

The Int had only to be passed out once, and any intelligent reader was a candidate for the Fledge.

Johann Heinrich Kopp entered the field for Germany, with his "Augsburger Darstellung und Untersuchung der Selbstverbrennungen des menschlichen Körpers," which was published in 1811 at Frankfurt.

Of the eighteen cases Kopp cites, some were personally known to him, and some were even. Most, he states, were alcoholics and weakened by illness or old age.

Kopp opted for ignition by static electricity, which was no vague theory, and said that the fire was caused by hydrogen burning in the tissues. Thus was, at least, a leap forward from the doctor who had written earlier in Leydon that some men and animals shot sparks out of their eyes.

Lam winds up his essay with a bow to the abstinence forces, which were quoted for years afterwards in America: "Young persons disgusted by other passions are not much addicted to drinking, but when love, departing with youth, leaves a vacuum in the mind, if its place be not supplied by ambition or interest, a taste for gambling, or religious fervor, it generally falls prey to intoxication."

"May man never forget that the vice sometimes produces very bitter fruit—disease, pain, experience and death!" By the 1830s, some American physicians were even blaming the cholera epidemics on the bottle.

Lam's famous essay was brought to America in an English translation which appeared in the *Exposition of Arts and Sciences*, published in Philadelphia in 1812. Lam's warning was clear, or was it?

Following his spontaneous combustion warning in that volume, there was an article on how to grow grapes for wine.

By the time *Crime and Punishment* appeared in 1868, spontaneous combustion was apparently so fully accepted that Dostoevsky could mention it in simple passing.

Bakolevitch had committed the murder and is leafing through the newspapers for news of the crime. He reads the lead stories, "An accident on a staircase, spontaneous combustion of a shopkeeper from alcohol, a fire in

Festa . . ."

An obituary in an 1897 Duvalle, Illinois daily moaned, "The death was tragic, but since the deceased was a heavy drinker, he was expected to die soon of spontaneous combustion anyway."

Early in this century, George Bernard Shaw, hearing of the hotel-fire death of a friend quipped, "Must have been spontaneous combustion." He was joking, but his contemporaries knew what the term meant.

America's chief spokesman for the SC forces was Dr. Thomas Trotter, a get-fighter in the temperance ranks.

smolder to death, a red lump of skinless, screaming carbon.

The hue and cry were earned forward by Schofield, Trotter, and a Dr. Nott, who called drinking a "violation of the laws of life." Spontaneous combustion was, he intoned, a "token of God's displeasure."

What they didn't know was that much earlier, the alcohol theory had been found faulting. Museum specimens, which had soaked in alcohol for years, were set afire. The outer skin would burn away, and there the fire would stop.

J. C. Frazee dismisses spontaneous

Abuse



"Is this where the action is?"

Its favorite story was quoted from Dr Peter Schofield, who was certainly no sinner in his day.

Schofield, who practiced in Ontario, reported that he was called in one night for a 23-year-old man who was liquefied well beyond his years. Schofield wrote, "I found him literally roasted from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet."

A blacksmith had found the man fuming in his shop, where no fire had been burning. He jerked the victim to the floor, which snuffed out the flames. But for thirteen days, Dr. Schofield watched the young man

combustion in two pages in his recent book, "The Life and Times of the Great Demas Run" and chalks it all up to primitive science and pro-abstinence hysteria.

Actually, other theories did appear to take the spotlight off alcohol as the culprit. In 1894, the suspect was carbon monoxide, accumulated in the body because the person spent too much time sitting in overheated rooms. To prove it, the researcher kept a rabbit for 169 days in a CO-rich atmosphere, then set fire to it.

He had to stew a rooster for eight months in the polluted air before it

would burn with any enthusiasm. Even then, the fire didn't have the scorching, searing power of the combustion that had reduced whole human beings to lacy ashes.

Still, most of those who believed in spontaneous combustion at all, went on pointing the finger at booze. The fight isn't over yet.

John Rothbone Oliver published *Spontaneous Combustion - A Literary Curiosity in Change* in 1937. He ties up Kopp, Lair, and Schofield, and resurrects all the old French and English cases.

Even after raking out the fictions, Oliver concludes, you have to admit that some of those old doctors certainly knew a burned corpse when they saw one. And anyone who hangs around a crematorium can tell you that people just don't burn that easily.

Besides, there were scientists of the calibers of Le Cac, Schofield, and Vau-d'Azyr who saw it happen. There was the mystery of why furniture and floor didn't burn, even though a scorching body had strangled away to ash. No, Oliver wasn't going to be the one to say it couldn't happen, but he does venture some views on why it hadn't happened lately.

First, says Oliver, we're quaffing a better quality of booze these days. Second, we have fewer open fires, from which a spark could start something. "We very seldom see an open fire, and heat comes from radiators or similar arrangements," he writes.

"I do not believe that the most pronounced alcoholics could produce a spontaneous combustion by sitting on a hot radiator. She might burn herself, but not burn herself up. In modern life, therefore, it becomes less and less likely that alcoholics come in direct contact with flames."

"Almost all the cases that we have cited from our three authorities were poor people who had to get drunk on very little money and who must, therefore, have been forced to buy the very lowest, vilest type of gin and other spirits. We may, therefore, feel more or less assured that if we restrict ourselves to really good Scotch and Rye and if we avoid open fires and all on radiators, we shall not, in all probability, combust spontaneously."

The history of the blushing blouses was reviewed in 1952 for the Northwestern University Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Police Science by Dr. Lester Adelson, an instructor in legal medicine at Northwestern School of Medicine.

Spontaneous combustion is, he says, "a relic of an age which loved the marvelous, the miraculous, and the seemingly inexplicable, which titillated the mind and imagination of scientist

and layman." Belief in SC died, because "Only the slow process of intellectual attrition and gradual intellectual awakening placed [it] in [its] proper focus."

Was spontaneous combustion just a hoax, thrown up by the rising not of prohibition sentiment? Or did these dooms of violent actually honest to ashes at their doctors said they did? If they did, how important was alcohol?

Laymen did seem to be to blame in most cases, but not all victims were drunkards. Writing about spontaneous combustion in the British Medical Journal in 1922, Dr. Druon Mann told of patients who formed such inflammable gases that they were burned blushing.

Every so often, we read of an unexplained fire death, and we wonder. Alton W. Eckert, writing in *Time* magazine, listed a number of recent burnings, including a woman in Shetland, England who burst into intense blaze flame in the middle of a dance floor. Within minutes, she was a pile of ashes. That was in 1938.

In 1951, a St. Petersburg, Florida woman burned away, according to Eckert, in a case so bizarre that both the F.B.I. and famed pathologist Dr. William Krogman could not explain it. Dr. Krogman's experiments with burning flesh and bone showed that it would have taken temperatures of about 5000 degrees to do what had been done to the poor woman.

No inflammable fluids were involved. Lightning and electricity were ruled out. So was the possibility that she had been burned elsewhere and brought back to her living room. Surrounding furniture was hardly touched. And yet a 175-pound woman was reduced to ashes weighing about 10 pounds.

The case is still unsolved, as are others that Eckert chalks up to spontaneous combustion. He tells of a baby found dead in its crib in Rockford, Illinois, a woman who burned in her rocker, a 1950 burn in Benicia, California. None were officially labeled spontaneous combustion because no responsible authority will say that such a thing exists.

Many burning deaths remain unsolved. And many people are willing to go on blaming booze for it.

Prohibition faded, and then died so dormant-dead that even tales of blushing bodies can't awaken it. But still the questions come: Does spontaneous combustion exist?

Long years ago, the temperance flag was run down the SC flagpole. But it stays folded in folklore, ready to unfurl again. O



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ARIES



TAURUS



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THE STARS FORETELL

by RICHARD VON ASHBY



SCORPIO



SAGITTARIUS

CANCER



IMPORTANT! Look only at your own sign, and keep your nose out of other folk's Astro's. The laws of the stars are almost military in precision, and . . . after all . . . you don't see no General swooping around his Frotes

MARCH 21 TO APRIL 20 (ARIES)

This sign comes down to us from the ancient cockseye. It means "Belonging to Harry," so don't go around taking Aries' stuff, see! One of the stars in the House, Picus 3, is a dwarf star and very hot. Another, Zebul 10, is crossing its path. So what you got, you got this hot dwarf being messed with by a star which got no idea how mean a hot dwarf can get. This means you can look for some pretty nasty surprises that month. If this is your sign, best you get in bed and cover up. And stay there for 30 days. True, you'll have a stinky bed, but it's your own damn fault for being born an Aries!

APRIL 21 TO MAY 21 (TAURUS)

This sign originated in the ancient and very backward country of Surmat. In their language, Sursat is a filthy word which caused them no end of embarrassment when they sang their national anthem. A synonym for this word, however, is Lhah . . . which in reverse is Ball. This is of considerable medical concern

—turn the page



of our Foreign Aid program.

AUGUST 24 TO SEPTEMBER 23 (VIRGO)

Girls, have you lived up to this symbol of your birthday? You know it means Virginity? Oh... I see! Yes, I understand! There was this guy with the cute little Ford Camper, and he... How awful! Seven times! No, Sally Mae, you can't be a technical Virgo! Modern Astrology has something better for you! Read on!

SEPTEMBER 23% TO OCTOBER 22% (NEONI)

Boy, are you lucky! At considerable expense, I have invented a new sign for you which I have named after Leo Neon, the inventor of dirt. (After all, someone had to find a way of using up surplus soap, didn't they?) Neon is for all of you who haven't cut it under your natural birthday. It gives you a chance to change, a second wind to blow (you'll excuse the expression). The stars having big influences are Mars, Noel Coward, and Anita Eckberg... because, after all, if you were born under Neon it was kinda exposed and public, wasn't it? Your Kindly Astrologer holds franchise rights to this sign, so simply send ten dollars for membership and to cover my living expenses. Your birthstone will be wet you. A pebble. Your lucky numbers (in Blackjack) are 7 and 14. You're welcome.

SEPTEMBER 23 TO OCTOBER 22 (LIBRA)

This is a rotten sign you got yourself born underneath. It means "Libracy" (or "Book"... I ain't too sure) but if you get born under either one you gotta be sorta odd. Better you should go back and not come out until you've had a 14 month pregnancy, you'd be better off. In looking at your rather smudgy Astrological Blueprint I find I would not only not want to be in your shoes, but not even in your bare feet! For you, baldy, everything is coming up skunk cabbage. I put my hat over my heart. (If you like, though, I can get you in jeans for \$10. Think it over, fain't fool!)

OCTOBER 23 TO NOVEMBER 22 (SCORPIO)

According to my calculations there's gonna be three full moons this month. (I use the multiplication tables on the back of a Big Five school tablet, so my figuring ain't far off.) So, I want all you Scorps to watch very close for tell-tale signs like a great increase in body hair, your teeth getting awfully long, and your muth growing out. Either clean yourself up, or see the casting director at Universal. If he don't co-

perate, eat him. (I warn you, though, a casting director is awfully hard to clean.)

NOVEMBER 23 TO DECEMBER 21 (SAGITTARIUS)

What you are is, you're closely tuned to Venus, which is going "Twinkle, twinkle." This means you are being turned on and off... like you could leap at a lady, then jump back off. Best you stay off the streets. Or maybe find you a Sagittarius girl who is also twirling.

DECEMBER 22 TO JANUARY 19 (CAPRICORN)

Your birth sign looks like the result of a man who has been hit to a fat snake. That is probably what makes you so nasty. The stars indicate you should get into some constructive activity with your hands... like counterfeiting or raising checks. On your Jackson day the thing what happens to you during that cycle is that you will get snags and they will fall lower down on you. Lots of laughs like that in store. Have fun!

JANUARY 20 TO FEBRUARY 18 (AQUARIUS)

Saturn is out conquestrating with Venus, so don't nobody go out and look up! Hear? (Hey kiddies, if this is your birth sign and you want to see something lucky, sneak a peek through the skylight at the stars. Organize peep

shows for all the kids in your neighborhood gang. Charge 25 cents and send me half.) That sign means that you're on the wagon or raising fish I ain't quite sure, but just to be safe, wash good, anyway. Your lucky number for the month is Zero (0), which I admit I don't understand none too well unless it's got something dirty to do with Venus, who is up there all open in flagrant delicious conjunction with Saturn. But, after all, modern Astrology ain't no Green office!

FEBRUARY 19 TO MARCH 20 (PISCES)

More bountiful interest in the Astral racket has been baited because of this sign, on account of beginners can't pronounce it without being on the Berkeley carpet. The proper mouthing of it is "piss-les," or is it "pisskin?" I dunno, call it something but make it anything than "passes." In almost any company saying it this way will brand you as a dirty-minded amateur. Aside from learning to pronounce your sign OK, nothing much else is important. You'll get your lungs without knowing nothing about all the scientific and intellectual jazz. just remember that Pissos means (probably) "Fuddy" or "mighty queer" and that your harmonious clothing colors are Heliotrope, Lavender, and Lime-Rose. Wear them all together some night. And remember me to the Vice Squad, sweets. Hippy camping.



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BIG BOB, from page 51

towel over the mouthpiece. She'd just finished wiping off the kitchen table where she ate her supper alone. Then she laid down on the bed, and that was what she did. After she hung up, she laid there in a hot fit till you come home. That's when I left you two love birds together. I respect the privacy of married known, see. No. Hell, keep the rest of the money. The pleasure's all mine. Now get out of here while you can still get up out of that chair."

"SOFTLY SOFTLY, softly, baby."
"Moena."

"You don't sound like yourself tonight, Bob. The way you introduced that Kitty Wells song. It sounded odd. I had to call. Are you all right?"

"Moena, I'm coming to you tonight."

"Please, honey, don't start that again. We can't do it."

"Listen, Moena, and listen very damned carefully. If you don't give me your address, I'm going to do something really crazy. I don't know what, but it will be easy and you will wish I hadn't done it, and so will I. But I've got to see you."

"You mean it, don't you?"

"I mean, I love you to where I'm a desperate man." He wanted to say her name, Laura, Laura, Laura, but the moment he was setting up would be worth the delay.

"Then pleasure."

"What?"

"That you'll wait until you sign off." "Please."

"235 East Coast Street, Bob, I love you. I love you so much I—"

She hung up.

Bob dialed Box 110, the station manager.

"Hello, Box 110, this is Big Bob. Listen, I'm putting on an LP, then I'm leaving the control board. You got roughly thirty minutes to make it over here before the dead air sets in."

"Yeah, Big Bob. Very funny. A real gut-buster."

"You don't believe me?"

"Sure."

"Tough if you don't."

Bob tossed the phone onto the cradle and, without looking, reached into the rock behind him and put a record on the turntable.

"This is WCCO, your music, news, and sports station in the country music capital of the world, Nashville, Tennessee. You're listening to Big Bob Night Owl Show."

Five minutes later, he was in his driveway, slipping out of his Jaguar. Leaving the motor running he ran into the house.

She was gone. For a moment he

had a cold sense of certainty that Laura was, after all, out with some man, maybe even with Carson himself. Then he saw the note on his pillow, held down with a small transistor radio that he had given her for Christmas so she could move through the house and into the yard, and have his voice always with her while he was broadcasting. Military band music was coming from some other station, he imagined.

"Dear Bob,

"I'm loving you. I tried to stay with you, but now I know for certain you don't love me. You're in love with a girl named Moena. You want her so much that I know I can never mean as much to you as she does. When I heard about you and other girl named Boots, I called you up to ask you to come straight home. I wanted to talk with you about her, to find out if we could still live together and be happy. But while the phone was ringing, I had an impulse to disguise my voice, just to see what you would say to a strange girl calling you up. It made me feel so odd to hear you talking to me, thinking I was some sexy girl in a hotel room that I kept pretending, thinking any second you would catch me, recognize my voice, even though it was disguised. And then I realized that it got me excited, hearing you talk that way. So I did it again, every night last week and tonight too, because you never talked to me, like that. But it made me feel so cheap, and I hated myself for doing it, till I felt like some kind of where or something. I can't live with you any longer. I'm not going to tell you where I'm going. You'll probably be glad I'm gone. Now, you won't have to slip around with girls like Boots and Moena. Moena had to you that first night, about being in some hotel room. I'll call you one last time from the airport, then tonight I'll be on a strange hotel bed in a strange town, listening to a strange voice on the radio.

Love, Laura."

He stood beside the bed with the note in his hand, and the sound of "The Star-Spangled Banner" made him feel that it was very late and that every bone in his body was weary. But the bed-side clock said seven-thirty and then he saw that the radio dial was on 1240 and realized what record he had put on the turntable. The cymbals crashed, the bass drum rolled, the trumpets blared. Then stopped. And as he heard the needle scratching at the end of the record, he fell over on the bed and wept Big Bob tears.



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BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN Sex Siren CLAUDIA CARDINALE talks about sex and marriage (p. 4) . . . Another Jack the Ripper is stalking London (p. 14) . . . A wild-and-woolly spoof on astrology (p. 62) . . . plus three delightful nodes who bared all for ADAM's cameras: Lyn Tie (p. 10), Christine Reed (p. 32) and Sandra Darnell (p. 52) and three new short stories by America's promising young writers . . . all INSIDE ADAM!

